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THREE YEARS IN MELBOURNE.

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THREE YEARS IN MELBOURNE.

BY

CLARA ASPINALL.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Dedicated

TO

HER BROTHER IN AUSTRALIA,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

HIS MORE THAN BROTHERLY KINDNESS,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE

SISTER.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

First Sight of Land — First Impressions — Arrival in Hobson's Bay — Arrival of Friends on board — Electric Telegraph — Arrival in Melbourne 1

CHAPTER II.

Collins Street — The Club — The Treasury and other Buildings — Bad Drainage . . . 7

CHAPTER III.

Suburbs of Melbourne — St. Kilda — The Bay — Bathing — Swimming — Diving — Houses in St. Kilda — Town-hall of St. Kilda — Pleasant Lectures — An energetic Secretary . 16

514462

CHAPTER IV.

Society in Australia—Gaieties of Melbourne—Dancing—Pic-nics—A Snake—The Volunteers—Archery—Arrival of H.M.S. —— in the Bay—The Melbourne Almacks *beaux*—Departure of H.M.S.—— for Tasmania—A terrible Accident—News of the Wreck of the Royal Charter 28

CHAPTER V.

Houses of Parliament—Australian Politics—An Opening of Parliament—Usher of the Rod—Qualifications for a Colonial Governor—Commander-in-Chief—New Zealand War—A Levee—A Review—Her Majesty's Birthday Ball—The Assembly Balls 50

CHAPTER VI.

Public Library—Sir Redmond Barry—Education in Melbourne—Governesses—University—Ceremony of conferring Degrees . . 66

CHAPTER VII.

Fine Arts—Pictures—Philharmonic Concerts—Oratorios—Italian Opera—Professors of Music—Newspapers—"The Argus"—"Punch"—"Home News"—Gardens—Trees—Flowers

— Climbers — Botanical Gardens — Horticultural Shows — Promenade Concerts — Saturday Afternoon at the Gardens . . . 76

CHAPTER VIII.

Climate — Hot Winds — Sudden Changes — An Australian Winter — Moonlight Nights — Sunsets — House-Rent — Servants — High Wages — A Cook *à la* Soyer — High Life below Stairs 94

CHAPTER IX.

Housekeeping — Market Prices in Melbourne — Prices up the Country — Ice — Carriage and Cab Hire — Jingles — An Honest Omnibus Driver — Dress — Advice to Ladies . 116

CHAPTER X.

Churches — The Bishop — The Dean — Places of Worship in general — Charitable Institutions 130

CHAPTER XI.

A Chapter for my little Friends — Specimens of Bushland — Native Weapons — Throwing the Boomerang — The Native Cupid's Bow — Barbarity of the Black Men — Sports in the Colony — Little Children in Australia — Wonderful little Boys and Girls 140

CHAPTER XII.

A Visit up the Country — Cobb's Coaches — Skilful Driving — A Rough Journey — Scenery in Australia — The Bush — Trees — Wild Flowers — A beautiful Climber — Carisbrook — Avoca — Government Officers — Society in the Bush — A grand Gathering at Avoca — A Canvas Town — Chinamen — Their good Qualities — Chinese Theatricals — An Accident — Colonial Horses — Polite Diggers 157

CHAPTER XIII.

Castlemaine — Pretty Rides — A Memorable Journey — Studying Life — A Murder and its Discovery — Sandhurst — Kyneton — Piper Street — The Houses — Salubrity of Kyneton — A Model Clergyman — Grand Bazaar — Energetic and Accomplished Bachelors — An Heroic Young Lady — Schools in Kyneton — A Model Lady's School — Beauty of the Neighbourhood — Mount Macedon — Grand Picnic on St. Andrew's Day — Dryden's Rock — Chivalry *par excellence* — A Cavalcade at Sunset — Good Horsemanship — A Few Days in the Forest — The Laughing Jackass — Musical Magpies — Delights of Forest Life — Sad Recollections of leaving Piper Street 186

CHAPTER XIV.

Emigration—Who should and who should not Emigrate—Australia a Last Resource for Spendthrifts—Disappointment, Misery, and Destitution—Seeking Solace in Strong Drinks—Unhappy Wives—Youths sent to the Colony—Advice to Parents—Reverses of Fortune—A Nobleman in Disguise—Reduced Ladies—A Sad Rencontre—An Energetic Shopkeeper—An Italian White-mouse Boy—Professional Men—A French Dressmaker—A West-End Waiter—Fine Openings in the Colony—New Zealand—Queensland—Tasmania—A Trip to Australia recommended for Health—Letters of Introduction—Exploration Party—Review on Werribee Plains—Wonderful Volunteers—Colonel Pitt—Farewell to Australia . 208

CHAPTER XV.

Voyage Home—Our noble Ship—The best Navigator and Commander in the World—Icebergs—Our Society on Board—Evenings on Deck—Bill of Fare 241

CHAPTER XVI.

Voyage Home, continued—The Ship's Birthday—Grand Banquet—Thrilling Speeches—Passing the Azores—Amateur Artists—Advice to Sea-Voyagers—Farewell 282

THREE YEARS IN MELBOURNE.

CHAPTER I.

First Sight of Land—First Impressions—Arrival in Hobson's Bay—Arrival of Friends on board—Electric Telegraph—Arrival in Melbourne.

It was on a lovely afternoon in March 1858 that the first officer on board the screw-steam-ship ——, pointed out to some of the passengers a faint streak on the horizon, which, he said, was land—Australia! I need not say with what thankful hearts we hailed the intelligence, and how soon the deck was crowded with the bright, radiant faces of my fellow-voyagers, who were all trying, some in vain (being either short-

sighted, or not having sufficiently well-trained *sea*-eyes), to discern the distant streak and to get a first glimpse of the Golden Land. Still, it was with mingled feelings of joy and regret that I found myself drawing near to the end of my voyage. In the first place, I felt joy at the idea of so soon seeing my friends in the Colony, and feeling myself once more on *terra firma;* but in the next, I could not but regret that my "life on the ocean-wave" was at an end. After a long, wearisome illness of several weeks, I had begun, within the last fortnight or so, to "walk the *poop-deck* like a thing of life;" I could gaze boldly at the sea without feeling unutterable things, and could even sit down to dinner with something almost like a pleasurable sensation. Some of the ladies on board had acted the part of Florence Nightingale towards me, and nearly every passenger (there were sixty in the saloon) had been not only polite, but beyond ex-

pression considerate and kind. The brave captain and officers had won the esteem of myself as well as of all on board, and had made five hundred "hearts beat happily"—such perfect unanimity and satisfaction not being the general rule on board ship. And, therefore, under this pleasant combination of circumstances, I felt very much inclined to have two or three weeks more of this highly renovating life, for such it was just becoming to me.

Before sunset we could distinctly see dry land, and very dry and barren it appeared to our English eyes, there being only a great expanse of plain visible, and not any trees.

"Oh, dear!" said one young lady, "how very ugly is Australia!"

"Do not judge too hastily," said another, rather satirically; "wait until you see the beautiful gum-trees to-morrow."

This lady was returning to the colony very much against her inclination, as she most cordially disliked it.

That night we saw the bush-fires, symptomatic of a hot wind on land.

Nearly all the passengers, excepting some inveterate whist-players, were up on deck. It was the most exquisite evening I had experienced at sea; the air so balmy and fragrant that I remember saying to the good captain, that I was sure I could smell lilies and roses, the odour of which some beneficent fairy must have wafted over by way of welcoming us to Australia; upon which he smiled, and made some pleasant speech to the effect that all our paths were to be strewn with roses when we arrived in Melbourne.

The next day, about noon, we steamed into Hobson's Bay. As we had entered Port Phillip Heads, which are forty-five miles from the Bay, a telegram had conveyed the news of our arrival; and so we had no sooner cast anchor, than we were greeted by our several friends, which otherwise could not have been until the following day. Then,

again, those passengers whose destination was some fifty or a hundred miles up the country, were enabled, on arriving in Melbourne, to allay through the telegraph, in a few minutes, the fears and anxieties naturally felt by those who have relatives at sea.

Whilst we were seated at an early dinner our friends arrived on board, some of them heavily laden with choice fruits and flowers. My earliest recollection of Hobson's Bay is the fact of being compelled to devour a pear of extraordinary size before being allowed to speak; and also of a lovely little fellow-passenger, aged four years, bringing me an enchanting bouquet of roses, mignonette, and heliotrope, which she had separated from a monster nosegay brought on board by her father.

After having been accustomed to the same sixty faces for two months, it was quite exciting, and almost intimidating, to see so great an influx of strangers in our saloon; indeed, I may say, too, the effect

was quite dazzling, for nearly every gentleman was equipped from head to foot in pure, unsullied white. At a first glance I thought they looked like so many millers, but I afterwards changed my opinion of this costume, and found it to be rather refreshing to the eye than otherwise on a "hot-wind" day, and also that the ladies in Melbourne looked upon it as quite "dressy and irresistible."

A little steamboat called a *lighter*, which appeared to our enlarged minds a most contemptible cockle-shell, and which could not keep steady for a moment, carried us waddling over to Sandridge pier, and from thence we were conveyed by train in ten minutes to Melbourne. In scarcely more than half that time again, I found myself seated in a spacious and luxurious drawing-room enjoying all the comforts of an English home.

CHAPTER II.

Collins Street — The Club — The Treasury and other Buildings — Bad Drainage.

I DID not expect to find myself in such a handsome city; the streets wider than those of any provincial town I had ever seen in England. The first *coup d'œil*, as I drove up Collins Street (which is ninety-nine feet wide), amazed me. This street is lined on each side with handsome shops, banks, and private houses, three or four stories high, worthy of the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. Melbourne in reality is quite a different place to the Melbourne I had imagined.

Collins Street is to Melbourne what Regent Street is to London. As compared

with the other shopping streets, it is decidedly very attractive. Ladies may walk in Collins Street, and find pleasant variety, irrespective of the excitement of buying a new dress or a hat. No lady ever ventures into the other streets, excepting on urgent business. There is an American, go-a-head spirit pervading them, very objectionable to the well-regulated minds of our sex. Everybody appears to be in a hurry; and if we are not equally so, our dresses, perhaps, are trodden on, or we get unceremoniously jostled; not that people are intentionally rude, but everybody is on business bent.

How different is Collins Street! Here all things are conducted calmly, quietly, and harmoniously. Beautiful ladies may be seen gliding out of one shop into another, bright with the hope of meeting some of their fair friends, who, like themselves, have come in from the suburbs with *shopping* intentions; but they are,

nevertheless, resigned to the chance of encountering a whole army of admirers, and listen (of course most reluctantly,) to the complimentary *badinage* with which the conversation of Melbourne gentlemen is largely tinctured. Beaux, too, of the most elegant description, may be seen from two to four o'clock in the afternoon marching up and down in good step, two or three abreast; and occasionally standing, in most formidable groups, around the fashionable lamp-post at the corner of Swanston Street and Collins Street, from whence they contemplate the fair promenaders.

Collins Street (as well as the other principal streets which run parallel with it) is about a mile in length. From the centre, which is in a hollow, it rises in two gentle acclivities, called the Eastern and Western Hill, which impart to the street a more striking appearance than if it were on level ground. On the Eastern Hill, where the shops cease, there is quite a little colony

of medical men. Indeed, nearly every doctor in Melbourne lives here. What a happy, united band they must be to carry their *esprit de corps* so far as even to take houses side by side! In dear old England we do not meet with such charming unanimity as this, but then nearly everything in the antipodes is reversed!

There is a great display of gay equipages in Collins Street at the fashionable hour. Barouches drawn by milk-white steeds or magnificent bays; mail-phaetons, pony carriages, and American buggies of every description, but few or no equestrians; indeed, the Governor and his staff are the only gentlemen I ever happened to notice riding through the street. I believe it is, that the gentlemen are too much inclined to be indolent, and prefer sitting comfortably in their white-chapels, or reclining in their buggies. There is generally a line of carriages opposite the fashionable haberdashers' (Alston and Brown), who may be

called the "Swan and Edgar" of Melbourne. Here, ladies revel by the hour in realms of fancy, and find their money vanishing "like the baseless fabric of a vision," leaving "not a rack behind."

The new Melbourne Club is a vast improvement on the old building, which latter, being in the hollow of the street, was far from healthy, and infested by the insect tribe, mosquitoes, &c. The new Club has lately been built in the quiet part of Collins Street East, exactly opposite to the handsome town residence of Mr. Ebden, until lately the wealthiest *gentleman* in the Legislative Assembly, but now with his family visiting Europe. The Club is a very imposing-looking building, four stories high, with countless windows of plate-glass; and though it has not the Corinthian pillars and fine architectural proportions of the Conservative at home, it still would not at all disgrace St. James's Street. Here, blackballing is constantly practised, and neces-

sarily too, as it ensures to the members the impossibility of coming in contact with any but those of unexceptionable character. Squatters and Government officers, who are members of it, make this Club their home when they come to Melbourne from the country; they can live more reasonably here than at an hotel, and have the advantage of being in the centre of their friends. Still, though all members consist of educated gentlemen, or those who by industry have raised themselves high in the social scale, there are many gentlemen of limited incomes, especially up the country, who, probably from motives of economy, do not belong to it. The entrance-fee is forty guineas, and the annual subscription twelve guineas,—a consideration to those who might possibly not be able to avail themselves of its advantages once in a year. Strangers from any country, visiting Melbourne, are admitted as honorary members on being introduced by two members. The

handsome new Treasury, built of sandstone, and nearly completed, stands, as it were, across the east end of Collins Street, looking majestically down the street. A more striking situation could not have been chosen for it.

Buildings here spring up like magic when they are set about in good earnest. I went up the country for five months in the winter of 1860, just when the foundation of the Treasury was laid, and on my return was astonished to find the building almost complete externally; also, in the same neighbourhood, a fine architectural wing of the new Houses of Parliament added; a handsome blue-stone Roman Catholic church erected, and many other buildings, which quite changed the aspect of the locality, shutting out my favourite view of some distant ranges.

The Parliament Houses are near the Treasury, looking down Burke Street, which is the second street of importance,

and runs parallel with Collins Street. They promise to be on so grand a scale, that, owing to the amount of capital they will consume, they will not be completed for some years to come.

The spirit and energy displayed in the erection of public buildings is very much to be admired; but I wish that some of the money which is being laid out in ornamenting the town, could be spent in thoroughly draining it and its suburbs. Owing to this want, some direful malady may—we know not how soon—visit this city, and make desolate the hearths of many of those through whose influence a good drainage ought to have been effected. I was staying at one time in a handsome house where the atmosphere of the sitting-rooms was, at certain times, and more especially in wet weather, so obnoxious, that we could not remain in them, feeling that we were inhaling poison. This was in consequence of stagnant water, having no

egress, remaining under the house. I happened, too, to be speaking to a land-agent about a house, and on asking him if the drainage of it were good, his answer was—"Well, yes; that is, it is as good as that of any other, but unfortunately all the houses in the colony are badly drained."

CHAPTER III.

Suburbs of Melbourne—St. Kilda—The Bay—Bathing—Swimming—Diving—Houses in St. Kilda—Town-hall of St. Kilda—Pleasant Lectures—An energetic Secretary.

Few families reside in the city of Melbourne, unless their business avocations compel them to do so. Nearly everybody lives in one or other of the many pretty suburbs, where the air is much purer and finer than in the city.

The favourite localities are St. Kilda, Brighton, South Yarra, Studley Park, Hawthorn, Toorak, Richmond, and Heidelberg.

St. Kilda is decidedly the favourite of all these suburbs, and the most thickly populated, chiefly on account of its good

sea-bathing, and the convenience of getting from it into town by the train. There is an esplanade overlooking the pretty bay, where it is pleasant to drive and to walk up and down before sunset on a summer's day. It would be drawing rather extravagantly on the imagination to say that it reminds one of the East and West Cliff of Brighton, in Sussex; still, this favourite Australian resort commands a very much more enjoyable view, the bay being dotted over with every description of vessel, from the magnificent clipper-ships to the tiniest of sailing boats, painted all colours.

The bathing at St. Kilda is excellent,—much better, I think, than at many English watering-places.

The bathing establishments are three-sided wooden erections, open to the sea. These are divided into innumerable little apartments, rather smaller than a bathing machine, but very much more comfortable from the fact of their being stationary.

At the gentlemen's establishment, the art of swimming is brought to great perfection. Occasionally there are swimming and diving matches, both between adults and juveniles; which latter, if I may judge from their own glowing accounts of themselves, excel in these two accomplishments.

I met a young friend of mine one day with a pocket full of shillings and sixpences, for which, he told me, he had dived down to the bottom of the sea, an old philanthropist having thrown them in, by way of stimulating the energies of little boys. Another young friend showed me a handsome gold pencil-case, which he had gained as a prize at one of the great swimming matches.

One of the most deservedly popular and energetic of the clergy is also the most indefatigable amongst the bathers and swimmers. Some hours before many of the inhabitants have risen from their beds, this

gentleman takes his morning swim, by way, I have been told, of invigorating himself for the duties of the day. Most thoroughly practising what he preaches, he is "diligent in all things."

There are houses of every description in St. Kilda, from the handsome stone or brick mansion to the pretty little verandah wooden cottage; and yet I have known families trying in vain for some months to meet with one, residences near the sea being in great demand.

Nearly all of the leading members of the bar, and lawyers, have houses here, which they have either built or taken on lease. In the Alma Road and its vicinity may be found attorney-generals, past, present, and future, scattered about in profusion.

On Sunday afternoons the beach of St. Kilda is crowded with people. Here

> "The spruce citizen, wash'd artizan,
> And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air,"—

the only pure air which some of these poor creatures breathe in the course of the week; if disposed, they have the opportunity of attending a morning and evening service at church.

There is a spacious Town-hall in St. Kilda, in which, about every other week, a lecture is delivered by one of the gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood. These lectures are very well attended by nearly all the *rational* inhabitants of St. Kilda, —those who have leisure to attend them. The room is sometimes densely crowded, especially when the king of lecturers, Mr. Michie, a leading member of the bar, delivers one. I feel it, however, my duty to state, that the greater proportion of the audience consists of the fair sex. The gentlemen are either unequal to the effort of leaving the dinner-table at the uncivilised hour of eight, or they consider that their minds, complete, do not require

any further nourishment. "To gild refined gold, or paint the lily," would be altogether superfluous; but the ladies partake more of that humble spirit for which Sir Isaac Newton is renowned.

Here lectures on every conceivable subject are delivered: Coriolanus, Ghosts, Shakespeare, and the Moon, are all in their turn discussed, criticised, and enlarged upon. A reverend lecturer on the latter subject knew well how to rivet the attention of his audience at the very onset. Instead of beginning with statistics or scientific calculations, he led off by observing how extremely useful the moon had been to a certain class called *lovers* from time immemorial, quoting sundry appropriate snatches of poetry from Shakespeare and other authorities, by way of proving this assertion; and so happily did he blend instruction and amusement, that the audience went home delighted, and determined,

if possible, to attend every lecture that that same dear and reverend gentleman might be induced to give.

Another lecture was given on Law, by a learned and accomplished gentleman; and, remarkable as it may appear, it is yet a fact, that there was a greater preponderance than ever of ladies on this occasion. It was far too dry a subject for gentlemen: they had enough of it in the Supreme Court every day. Still, out of friendship and regard for the lecturer, they sent their wives, daughters, and sisters in great force as their representatives, with strict injunctions to them to listen attentively, and to bring them, at all events, the cream of the lecture. The exceedingly sagacious lecturer having, I imagine, anticipated the nature of his audience, had well seasoned his address with anecdote and humour, and was so successful in interesting his fair listeners, that each of them went home

feeling quite ready and able, and even longing for the opportunity, to put on a doctor's gown, and, like Portia, to plead in the cause of any beloved Antonio who might happen to enjoy the friendship of her husband, father, or brother.

A lecture, too, on Italy was delivered, the hero being of course Garibaldi,—who, by the bye, I observed, was a most useful personage at all kinds of *réunions*, for no matter upon what subject the lecture or public meeting might be, somebody generally managed adroitly to introduce in thrilling accents that heart-stirring name, thereby eliciting thunders of applause, which helped very much to make the evening pass off *con spirito*. A cabinet-maker latterly was seized with the idea that he was not born to be exclusively a hewer of wood or manufacturer of sofas and chairs; and, therefore, it was suddenly announced to the St. Kilda public that he would (under the

patronage of his Excellency the Governor, who had signified his intention to attend) give a lecture on Chivalry! To my great regret I was unable to hear this discourse

> "Of Knighthood's dauntless deed,
> And Beauty's matchless eye,"

which, doubtless, would not have failed to have carried me back in imagination to the days of Godfrey de Bouillon, the Chevalier Bayard, and all those other flowers of chivalry "*sans peur et sans reproche!*"

I must not omit in justice to mention that the residents of St. Kilda have been mainly indebted for these very agreeable and intellectual treats to the almost superhuman exertions of the Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute, Mr. Ebenezer Flint, who, although I have never seen him, I feel quite sure is "the right man in the right place." Nothing can exceed the unwearied diligence with which he calls, and

calls, and calls again, once, twice, and thrice in the day, if necessary, on any gentleman whom he has made up his mind is the fit and proper person to deliver the next lecture,— perhaps having a secret misgiving, that some of the gifted and intellectual gentlemen numerous in St. Kilda are not quite so energetic and so willing to be brought to the point as they might be.

If the chosen lecturer is "not at home" before breakfast, this indefatigable secretary makes another effort to see him after his morning repast; if again unsuccessful, he, with exemplary promptitude, appears once more on the threshold in the evening; if then informed by the gentleman that he cannot name the exact time when he will be able to comply with Mr. Flint's request, but will do so in two or three days, punctually on the third day, just as the procrastinating amateur lecturer and his family are sitting down to breakfast, a gentle ring

at the bell is heard, and, lo! it is Mr. Ebenezer Flint, who, with beaming countenance, has come to claim the lecturer's promise to name the day and the subject of his lecture. An acquaintance of mine told me that the worthy and esteemed secretary had been to him on one occasion with tears in his eyes, and altogether looking sadly stricken and dispirited; for he had just received what he felt to be a severe rebuff from a lady,—one, too, who most deservedly bears a high character for benevolence. It appeared that he had called upon her husband to request him to deliver a lecture, but this gentleman had only just recovered from an attack of colonial fever; and, therefore, the good secretary, on being informed that he could not see him, requested to have an interview with his wife. The lady, on being entreated to mention the subject to her lord, replied, "I will mention it to him with pleasure, Mr. Flint; and, at the same time, will do

all in my power to prevent his compliance with your request." This amiable lady, in her anxiety about her husband's health, did not, I am sure, know what pangs she was inflicting on Mr. Flint.

CHAPTER IV.

Society in Australia—Gaieties of Melbourne—Dancing—Pic-nics—A Snake—The Volunteers—Archery—Arrival of H.M.S. —— in the Bay—The Melbourne Almacks *beaux*—Departure of H.M.S.—— for Tasmania—A terrible Accident—News of the Wreck of the Royal Charter.

My readers, especially those who contemplate emigrating to the colony, would doubtless like to hear something about Australian society. I can only say that I met with many charming and agreeable people in Australia; and I sincerely hope, some day, to have the opportunity of renewing the acquaintance of some of them in this country.

There are numerous people in England,

especially, I think, in our midland and eastern counties, who are in a complete state of ignorance on the subject of Australia, and who believe it to be only a country of gold-diggers and convicts.

I told the anecdote to friends in the Colony of a dear old gentleman of my acquaintance, who used to come down for the season to his shooting-box in the county of ——. A few months before I sailed from England, I happened to be sitting next to him at dinner, and, somewhat encouraged by his gallantry in selecting for me what he considered to be a *bonne bouche* in a haunch of venison, I was going to tell him that before he came down again to shoot the rooks, I should be, probably, at the Antipodes. Fortunately, I thought I would not bring all out at one fell swoop, but began by beating about the bush, and said, "Do you know anybody in Australia?" upon which my kind and benignant friend burst into such a

merry laugh at the supreme innocence of my question, that I had not courage to announce my intentions.

There was a lady upon whom I was once taken to call, in a secluded English village, to the living of which her husband had just been presented. As the lady had ten or twelve children, and the living was one of the best in England, we imagined that the fact of her husband's promotion to it was a subject of congratulation; but, to our surprise, this lady was loud in her condemnation of the poor patron. "I shall tell him," she said, in a most irate tone, "the very first time I see him, that he might just as well have sent us to Australia!—My poor girls will be moped to death." Now, I think that these young ladies, if they have not a taste for the quiet of a remote village, would be quite delighted with Melbourne, where they would get dancing, and pic-nics, and *fêtes champêtres* to their hearts' content.

As for the poor peasantry in my own neighbourhood in England, when I went to say good-bye to them, it was with tears in their eyes that some of them said farewell, feeling quite sure, that as soon as I set my foot on Australian ground, I should be captured—boiled down—and eaten.

And since my return home, I have noticed lovely English girls opening their eyes with amazement when they heard that I had been spending three years in Australia, and seeming to wonder how I could possibly be looking in such high spirits and health after going through the terrible ordeal of *transportation!* And the first question they have asked me has always been, "But are they not very *rough* in Australia?" upon which I have told them that there certainly are rough people in the colony, who baffle all description, and to be met with, too, at entertainments given by the most distinguished colonial

magnates; but, at the same time, I have assured them that there are some in the colony upon whom I think even *they* might be induced to smile; and then I have attempted to describe, perhaps, some squatter or Government officer, standing over six feet high, with long and artistically woven beard, and well-organised moustache, after the fashion of the King of Sardinia, in the "Illustrated News."

There are in Melbourne (be it then here recorded), and more especially up the country, very many highly bred and educated ladies and gentlemen, though people *will* always smile incredulously when I make this assertion to them. Indeed, in my enthusiasm, after a delightful visit in what is called the *Bush*, I informed my friends in letters home, that, occasionally, in the most sequestered spots, I had been surprised by meeting with both ladies and gentlemen, who had all severally and particularly reminded me of Sir Charles Gran-

dison, Dr. Riccabocca, Madame de Récamier, Hannah More, and other real or fictitious characters celebrated either for their *suaviter in modo* or *fortiter in re.*

A stranger, on arriving in Melbourne, is perhaps longer in becoming initiated into the "Who's who" of that metropolis, than I should think in any other place in the world. This may naturally be expected in a new gold colony, where so many, by industry and fortunate speculation, have made for themselves a name. At home, on entering a gay assemblage, one sees almost at a glance, from their manner and bearing, who are the important guests; but in a new colony it is a work of time to become completely initiated. Indeed, I saw the same names in the daily papers continually, some, perhaps, with the title of Honourable preceding them, others with J.P. &c. &c. attached to them; and yet, when I left the colony, I did not even know many of the worthy proprietors of these names by sight.

Just after landing in Melbourne, on some very gay occasions, I remember that I noticed one or two gentlemen who I thought looked more distinguished than the rest. "I conclude," said I to my cicerone, "that those are some of the principal people in Melbourne." "Oh, no," was the answer; "they are scarcely known in the fashionable world, excepting by one or two families—they have the smallest possible appointments, not in the Government service, and are not invited to Government House." Now these unknowns proved to be members of certain English county families,—leading people, whom "not to know argues thyself unknown." On the same occasions I noticed ordinary-looking people dressed in very glossy coats, fussing about, patronising, and apparently persecuting with their wearisome attentions the Governor of the colony and others holding good appointments in Melbourne. "Who are those?" I asked, to which my friend

answered rather satirically, and by way of surprising me, "Those are some of the *big-wigs* of Melbourne." There are, however, gentlemen more worthy than these to be called *big-wigs* in the good society of Melbourne, and ladies as charming and accomplished as may be met with in other parts of the world. Still, fond mothers who send out their beloved sons to the colony must not feel too sanguine, that because they may have been distinguished at Almacks and favourites amongst the squires' wives and daughters in their own county, or in their native town, that they will be the cynosure of all eyes in the colony, and have no difficulty in getting on in a social or business point of view. They *may* get on in each respect, as very many do; but they *may not*, as very many do not.

I believe there are more young men of good family out in the colony unknown than known; many of the former are

plodding and earning an honest livelihood in humble obscurity; others of them are doing nothing at all but getting into hopelessly bad habits; whilst others again, of those who are unknown, may be doing well, but are of quiet domestic habits, and, intent only on saving so as to enable them to return home, do not care to enter into society at all.

Melbourne is one of the gayest places in the world, and the ladies and gentlemen (those in the gay circles) are the most indefatigable, and I believe the most accomplished, dancers in the world. Dancing is the accomplishment which is the most cultivated in the colony, and it is therefore the one which is brought to the highest state of perfection. There have been lately in Melbourne professional walkers at the Circus, —men who undertook for a wager to walk a certain number of miles round and round in a certain number of hours. Now, I feel pretty sure that any practised lady dancer

in this gay metropolis (if the band only struck up her favourite galop), with the assistance of an equally accomplished partner, could *dance* the same number of miles in half the time, without, like the professional pedestrians, requiring medical treatment before or after the feat. For the gay, then, there are balls and small dances on the *tapis* continually; for the more quiet and conversational, dinner-parties; and for the musical, there are most agreeable *soirées musicales.*

Picnics, too, are greatly the fashion in summer, and very enjoyable to those who are vigorous, and can go through the exertion which they entail. Sometimes these gatherings happen on a hot-wind day, when a blast like that from a furnace is blowing; but this does not appear in the least to damp the ardour of the picnic devotees, who generally conclude the day's entertainment by dancing; indeed, some of them assured me that the only relief, on a hot-

wind day, was to dance without ceasing, as, if they remained in repose, they found the heat unbearable!

I only had the courage and enterprise to go to two of these Melbourne picnics, and they were a fair sample, for my friends told me that they were two of the best in point of arrangement, &c. that had ever been given. The first was to a favourite spot called Picnic Point, at Brighton—a pretty little promontory jutting out towards the sea, where there was a most appropriate circle of grass, like a fairy-ring, snugly enclosed by the tea-tree "scrub." No expense had been spared in this picnic. A delightful brass band played continually, and a large marquee was erected, in which was spread out one of the most *recherché* of cold collations I had seen in the colony. There was dancing on the greensward; the gentlemanly and lively officers of H. M. S. —— contributed greatly towards the animation of the scene; some, how-

ever, preferred the *dolce far niente* to hard labour, and sat in groups under the tea-trees; whilst others wandered about the beach, looking for sea-weed, or watching the tumbling surf,

> "The fair breeze blew,
> And the white foam flew,"

"and all," as the saying is, "went merry as a marriage-bell."

It is strange how, in the remotest corners of the world, thousands of miles from the land of our birth, we sometimes meet accidentally with an old friend, or else, perhaps, with one whose name has been long familiar to us. Here, on this little circle of grass, in an arm of the land stretching out into the Southern Sea, I was introduced to Mr. ——, whose relatives at home were some of my nearest and most agreeable neighbours. He had come over from India for his health, had become an honorary member of "The Club," and was a very

great favourite with all who knew him. I shall never forget how his countenance beamed with pleasure when I mentioned having seen his sister just before leaving England; he abjured all the pleasures of the picnic to have the happiness of talking of his relatives at home. Alas! a very few months after this time, the sad news arrived of his death in the Red Sea on his voyage home, to the great grief of his friends in Melbourne and in India, and of the many who elsewhere were greatly attached to him.

The other picnic to which I went is also well engraven on my memory. It began charmingly. Several boats were hired, and we were rowed up the pretty winding Yarra; the gentlemen, being allowed the privilege of rowing the ladies, exerted themselves, out of gratitude, most strenuously both physically and mentally; they vied with each other in entertaining the ladies and in feathering their oars; and of course, under

these happy circumstances, they did not feel the heat at all. But, alas! all our enjoyment was suddenly nipped in the bud by—a snake in the grass! One of the ladies, in getting out of her boat, stepped upon this deadly creature, but happily escaped being bitten, and it was killed instantaneously.

The poor lady's nerves were, as may be imagined, terribly shaken, and she could not be persuaded to leave the boat.

This was the first time I had met with any one who had been in danger of being bitten by a snake; there are many snakes in the colony, but one seldom hears of a person being attacked by one. I believe that snakes are as much afraid of the human race as we are of them, and therefore, unless disturbed, they are harmless. Returning home, we had another alarm. The lady who had been frightened, another lady, and myself, set off in the first boat, and very soon we were startled

by hearing several shots fired. There happened to be some Volunteers practising their shooting on the banks of the river. Now, just about this time, the enthusiasm of the Volunteers was at its height —bordering upon frenzy; and these young warriors were either, in their excitement and ardour, so enveloped in an imaginary halo of glory that they could see nothing real, or else (blinded by zeal and gunpowder) they had mistaken us for an enemy; but, however this might be, they fired so closely to our boat that the other lady (not the one who had stepped on the snake) fainted and fell in the boat, her husband actually thinking she was shot. And—oh, the contrariety of human nature!—the lady who had had the previous fright, and whose nerves had appeared completely unstrung, suddenly roused up in the most startling manner, implored her friend to be comforted, assuring her that there was no danger, and seemed

to be preparing herself, in the event of another shot being fired, to act as a shield, and to receive the fatal wound. At length the warriors kindly condescended to perceive us, and in consideration of their patriotism, we forgave them, and felt quite sorry for them, when, the next day, a slashing letter, on their bloodthirstiness, appeared in "The Argus." We feared that this letter would have the fatal effect of quenching their military enthusiasm, the consequences of which might have been terrible had a real enemy just then arrived.

The Archery parties which are given at Government House, and other houses in the suburbs, are conspicuous amongst the gay gatherings of Melbourne. For the last three years archery has been decidedly the rage in the colony; charming little paragraphs appeared from time to time in the newspaper about the fair *Toxophilites*, till at last everybody learnt the meaning and

derivation of this word, which at first was puzzling to the youthful colonists.

Each little suburb has its Archery Club, and this fact involves frequent little social practising parties, from which it appeared to me the "fair Toxophilites" always returned in higher spirits than even from more ambitious gatherings of the kind. There was one young lady whose wondrous skill in shooting achieved for her the reputation of being a second Robin Hood. Some of the other ladies shot well, but they had no chance against this formidable rival. She made her first *début* at the second Archery party given at Government House, on which occasion her dexterity not having been heard of before, she took everybody by surprise, and by an admirable hit carried off the prize—a handsome brooch.

"I knew," said the gallant Colonel —— to me (showing his usual sagacity on such matters)—"I knew, the very instant Miss —— took up her bow and arrow, and fixed

her eyes on the target, that she was an accomplished markswoman." When I left the colony the game of croquet had not reached it; indeed, I think it will not find favour there, as the colonial grass is not sufficiently smooth for that game.

It was about two years ago, that H.M.S. —— arrived in the Bay, and the officers of this ship were a great acquisition to the society of Melbourne. Such an influx of gentlemen of the first *water* is not an every-day occurrence in the colony; and consequently it was very much appreciated. Melbourne became gayer than ever. Balls, picnics, and dinner-parties, were given in honour of the event; haberdashers' shops looked more resplendent than they were wont to do; and therefore the ladies' toilettes, usually gay, were now more than ever so, through what, I believe, was entirely a conspiracy of these crafty haberdashers, who, being ever on the alert to "improve the occasion,"

displayed such "things of beauty" in their windows, that the strongest-minded of our sex (provided prudence justified the outlay) could not resist them.

These officers only remained a few months in Hobson's Bay, and then removed to Tasmania; they have since distinguished themselves in the New Zealand war. Their departure was much regretted in the Melbourne *beau monde*. There were only a few in this same world, who, it was whispered to me, did not perhaps altogether participate in the feeling of regret, when they saw the steam corvette —— weigh anchor in the Bay. These few had felt themselves grievously wronged; their feelings had lately been continually lacerated. Need I say that the select few—the injured ones—were the Melbourne *beaux?* Until the arrival of this ship of war they had been appreciated, and indeed had felt themselves (whether or not with good reason I do not know) to be perfect Alexanders in

conquest; but no sooner had this terrible ship cast anchor, than they learnt their own comparative insignificance, and only met with cold neglect and withering glances. Their spirits, however, rose with the wind which wafted away the foe, and the ladies have been forgiven, especially as there appears to be no prospect of the enemy returning to the Melbourne *routs*.

But more serious matters soon engrossed attention. A very short time afterwards came the news from Hobart Town, Tasmania, of a terrible catastrophe which had occurred on board one of the boats of H.M.S. —— It appeared that two cutters had been sent off from shore to fire one rocket each down the river. On the tube being fixed to explode the first rocket, it stuck in the tube, and the officers and crew perceiving this (according to technical signs amongst them) jumped overboard immediately, but were not in time to escape the effects of the explosion.

The first officer (whose name has since been particularly mentioned as having distinguished himself in New Zealand) was severely wounded, and a fine young midshipman (who had been an especial favourite in Melbourne, having obtained the sobriquet of "the ladies' pet") was killed. His extremely winning and frank manners had endeared him to all who knew him, and we felt how crushing would be the blow to those relatives nearest and dearest to him when they heard of his terrible fate.

On the same day that the news of this melancholy accident arrived, came also the overwhelming intelligence of the wreck of the Royal Charter steam-ship, bringing desolation to many families, and throwing a gloom over the whole country, for how many of us had known and esteemed some of those who on that awful morning had

> "Sunk beneath the wave,
> Fast by their native shore!"

And it was on this same day that I, with the sorrowing parents, was watching at the bedside of a suffering and dying child. What a sad day it was, never to be forgotten,—one of those days which are sent by a wise Providence to show us our utter helplessness, and to point to a land where all tears shall be wiped away, and where there will be no more sorrow!

CHAPTER V.

Houses of Parliament—Australian Politics—An Opening of Parliament—Usher of the Rod—Qualifications for a Colonial Governor—Commander-in-Chief—New Zealand War—A Levee—A Review—Her Majesty's Birthday Ball—The Assembly Balls.

One of the first *lions* of Melbourne which a visitor is taken to see is the House of Parliament,—a building which at present is only in embryo, but which, in a few years, will be completed on a scale of magnificence unparalleled in the Australian colonies.

Perhaps it is intended to have a refining and elevating effect upon the minds of legislators, as they contemplate its lofty grandeur; just as (according to Childe

Harold) on entering St. Peter's at Rome, the mind expands and "grows colossal."

I trust it may have this beneficial effect.

The two Chambers are really beautiful within: the interior of the Legislative Assembly is handsome and massive; that of the other, costly and elegant. They are worthy even of such legislators as the Earl of Derby and Mr. Gladstone.

When I first went to Melbourne in 1858, the greater proportion of the members of the Assembly, or Lower House, consisted of some of the principal gentlemen in Victoria; when I left, there were very few gentlemen remaining in it.

I will not attempt to describe the present Chamber of colonial *patriots* (that is, individually) as I should signally fail to convey an idea of it to my readers; and I had better not venture upon the subject of politics, for never having been able to master that of home politics (though professing Conservatism), it would be indeed

difficult to gain a comprehensive notion of the politics of Australia, which may be called "a mighty maze, yet not without a plan," for each member, with a few praiseworthy exceptions, appears to have a separate little plan of his own, and that is for promoting his own interest and aggrandisement.

It was in vain that I tried to discover the faintest tinge of patriotism in the greater proportion of this body corporate. There may be, and, I am sure, are, some latent sparks of it smouldering within the breasts of a few who are exceptions to the general class of members, but they are kept well under by the mighty waves of contention ever rolling around them.

There are only three ladies in Melbourne, I believe, who thoroughly understand colonial politics (though the subject is more generally discussed there than at home, and each lady gets a little smattering thereof), and these three ladies have studied them

for love of their husbands, who naturally enjoy coming home after a heated debate, and there gently discussing vexed questions with adoring wives who (with that clear-sightedness peculiar to our sex) always perceive plainly that what their husbands have done is thoroughly for their country's good, and betray most virtuous indignation at public non-appreciation of their gifted husbands.

It is with extreme diffidence that I, in my ignorance, venture the opinion, that the present calibre of the Parliament has been brought about by *universal suffrage*.

At present, men of education and integrity appear very reluctant to enter Parliament (though there are still some few such remaining), and naturally shrink with horror from facing the virulent opposition of some of the objectionable members who have seats in it. This is a sad pity, for if the Parliament of Victoria continue to deteriorate as it has done latterly, I fear the

welfare of the colony will come to an untimely end.

I regret that I had not the curiosity to attend an opening of Parliament, which ceremony is conducted in all due form,—guns fired, and his Excellency the Governor of the Colony, resplendent in Windsor uniform, escorted by a mounted guard. I believe it is a pretty little imitation of Westminster. The galleries and members' seats are filled with the beauty and fashion of Melbourne, arrayed in Australian splendour, and harmoniously blending with the delicate white and gold of the Legislative Council Chamber. Some of the ladies (those, probably, of political convictions) attend regularly on these occasions; others absent themselves because they rather shrink from the trouble or expense of the "getting up." Colonel Farquharson is Usher of the Rod; he has a fine aristocratic presence, which gives quite a prestige to the House on these

occasions. I have sometimes heard him called, from his courtly manners and general urbanity, "the first gentleman" in the colony; but having there met with much gentlemanly courtesy, I can scarcely venture positively to affirm his claim to this title. The colonel has held his appointment for some few years, having been selected for the office in the good old days of Conservatism, by what must have been a remarkably discriminating Government.

There are many men of good family out in the colony, holding some of the best appointments in Victoria.

The Chief Commissioner of Police is Captain Standish, a member of the ancient family of that name in Lancashire. The Chief Commissioner of Insolvent Estates is Mr. Wriothesley Baptist Noel, a son of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. I believe they both, in their different capacities, stand high in public opinion.

There has lately been a movement in

Parliament (but unsuccessful) to reduce the salary of the present, and of all future Governors of Victoria to about 7000*l.* a-year. At present, it amounts, I believe, to nearly 20,000*l.* a-year, part of this sum being allowed for entertainments.

I do not think it at all too much, or even enough, considering the boundless hospitality which it is the duty of a Governor to exercise, and the time which he is called upon to devote to the interests of the colony.

A Colonial Governor, to be popular, must be at the beck and call of everybody, and ought to possess remarkable powers of self-control, self-sacrifice, and good temper, which have constantly to be in full play. His countenance must be continually beaming with an expression of universal philanthropy; and he must be smiling and shaking hands with all sorts of people from "morn till dewy eve" (only the evenings are *not* dewy in Australia).

Perhaps, just when he is feeling that he should like beyond everything to spend a quiet domestic evening in the bosom of his family (if he happen to be a paterfamilias), he has to leave his dear ones, and to drive off to a philosophical dinner; on which occasion he is expected to make an appropriate speech, to the effect that he delights above all things in philosophy, and that he will never be thoroughly happy until he finds the philosopher's stone. The following day—feeling, perhaps, the same domestic yearnings—he may be hurried off to an Acclimatisation-of-British-Birds-Society dinner, when, again, he is probably expected to make a happy and appropriate speech, to the effect that he longs for the day when he, and all the kindred spirits he is addressing, will be able to rise with the lark, and shoot rooks in Government-house grounds, or have some sport in the bush amongst the partridges and pheasants. The day after, he has,

perhaps, to lay the foundation-stones of two or three edifices, and to partake of two or three luncheons with the million, and to make two or three more appropriate speeches. That same evening, possibly, all the philosophers have to be entertained at dinner, in return for their hospitality; and the next day, the Acclimatisation-of-British-Birds Society may have also to be entertained. On the succeeding day, there may be a grand bazaar, which his Excellency is expected to attend, and to go into raptures over each lady's stall, and to buy up all the most viceregal-looking knick-knacks on each table. Thence he, perhaps, has to drive off to inspect a remarkable show of colonial sea-weed, or a curious importation of Japanese merchandise, and to buy of each regardless of expense; and, in the evening, when, worn out both physically and mentally, he would like to go to bed, he may, probably, have to attend a gay ball, and to thread the mazes of several quadrilles

with the wives of all the Executive Council. It is possible that a Colonial Governor might sometimes prefer dancing with younger and more agile partners, but even this privilege is denied to him; he is the only gentleman who cannot indiscriminately follow the dictates of his own fancy in these little matters. Grave motives of policy must guide a Governor in every action, although his life may be regarded by colonial citizens as merely pleasant pastime. A Governor's business is supposed to be transacted every day at the Government offices, in the bosom of his right trusty and well-beloved cabinet ministers; and here, *doubtless*, is where a good Governor is really in his element.

Sir Henry Barkly is the present able Governor of Victoria. He has the reputation of being a thorough man of business; well fitted to rule the populous gold colony of Victoria. General Pratt is the Commander of Her Majesty's Forces in the

Australian Colonies. He succeeded General McArthur about two years since. Just before I left Melbourne, he had received an ovation in the form of a grand banquet, which was given by the Volunteers to welcome him back from New Zealand, and to testify their admiration of his distinguished services and good generalship. When the war first began, there had been reports circulated, which found their way into the newspapers, that it was not being conducted with sufficient spirit. However, it very soon turned out that these rumours were spread by persons to whose interest it was that the war should continue, and who, desiring nothing better than a chronic state of hostility, strongly objected therefore to good generalship. In the vessel in which I came home, there was amongst the passengers a clever Engineer officer, who was returning from the war. This officer could not express himself in sufficiently high terms of admiration at the wonder-

ful skill and tact displayed by the General in his manœuvres, especially in that of sapping his way to the enemy's Pahs with slow and snake-like caution, instead of recklessly rushing on, and thereby sacrificing his men to no purpose. Letters, too, which I saw continually from a brave private soldier, expressed the same exalted opinion of General Pratt's tactics and judgment.

The Governor holds a levee once a-year, on the 24th of May, which is attended by all those who wish to pay a mark of respect to His Excellency. This levee is held in the Exhibition Building, a kind of diminutive Crystal Palace. The gallery, on these occasions, is always crowded with ladies, who candidly confess that they go to see the gentlemen make their bows; which bows are quite a study, varying from the stiff move of the head, or nervous little nod, to the magnificent and *grand seigneur*-like bend of the body. This is a trying

day to those who attend the levee, for, whilst they are going through the ceremony, they are perfectly aware that various little committees of taste are being held up above them, as to who acquits himself with the most grace and propriety.

I believe there were some who stayed away, running the risk of being thought disloyal, because they felt altogether unequal to this ordeal—brave men they were, too, who would have stood fire in a thousand battles, yet could not stand the artillery of eyes from the ladies' gallery.

Strange to say, I never heard two fair critics agree in their opinion. Each lady most emphatically singled out a different gentleman, as the one who had distinguished himself. These levees are always well attended, and it is a work of some hours for His Excellency to get through one. Squatters and Government Officers from up country, who come for the "Birthday

Ball," make a point of attending the levee also.

A review takes place on the same morning, and a day or two afterwards Her Majesty's Birthday is celebrated by a ball, when from ten to fifteen hundred guests assemble in the Exhibition Building. Invitations are sent some hundred miles up the country. The crush is excessive at these balls, and dancing is done under difficulties; but, as everybody knows he will meet everybody, everybody generally goes.

These are the balls at which young ladies in the colony "come out." I attended one of these balls, and it reminded me very much of a mayor's ball in an English provincial town; where various classes are congregated together, from the county families around to the burgesses of the city, and where people enjoy themselves collectively and individually each in his and her own particular clique.

The building, irrespectively of the company, presented a gay appearance,—

"A thousand streamers flaunted fair,
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue;
Highest and midmost was descried
The Royal Banner floating wide."

The *coup d'œil*, from the gallery, of the bright decorations and of the gay and glittering throng below, would, I think, surprise an English person "steeped in old prejudice," and somewhat benighted on the subject of Australia. The ladies' dresses, all rich and rare, vary as much as the company. Some toilettes are, perhaps, in exquisite taste, others are costly, but not so elegant as those more simple.

An Australian ball lacks one feature, the absence of which stamps it as thoroughly un-English; *i. e.* there are none of those elderly and dignified chaperones, attired in black velvet and diamonds, who at home form the back-ground, as it were, of the picture, and give a richness of tone to a gay assembly. In Australia,

nearly all are either young, or else not sufficiently matured to rank or dress as dowagers; so that, in the absence of the black velvet, there is no repose for the eye, from the red, white, and blue, and other brilliant colours which, like Topsy, have "growed" into existence of late years.

The balls at which the ladies most enjoy dancing are the assembly subscription balls, which the committee endeavour, and with some success, to keep select. These are the Melbourne "Almacks." The rooms where they are held are very good, and they are never crowded.

CHAPTER VI.

Public Library — Sir Redmond Barry — Education in Melbourne — Governesses — University — Ceremony of conferring Degrees.

The Public Library is another of the *lions* of Melbourne, for which the citizens are mainly indebted to the exertions of Sir Redmond Barry, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, who, classically speaking, may be called the Mæcenas of Victoria. He is the great patron of the arts, and of everything conducive to mental culture, and refinement, and elevation of taste, and is therefore regarded, by those who are capable of appreciating his exertions, as a public benefactor.

I only paid one hurried visit to this

Library, though there appeared to be such a sublime feast in the multifarious and tempting-looking volumes, that I should much have liked the run of it for a day or two. There was one table around which I noticed both young and elderly men seated, each with a book of pictures before him, such as the "Illustrated News" or the "Art-Journal." Perhaps some of these poor men could not read, still the simple act of poring over the pictures would have a refining influence on their minds. I observed, too, a compartment partitioned off, where sat some young women reading. I thought it was, perhaps, their first visit, as I noticed suppressed little fits of merriment bursting from them, probably at the novelty of their situation, succeeded by desperate efforts to be grave. The room was full of groups of intelligent-looking men, some evidently in deep study. Altogether it was an interesting and gratifying scene.

The education both for boys and girls in the colony is considered good. There are young ladies' seminaries in abundance, which appear to flourish, some bearing a very much higher reputation than others. Nearly all young girls, who are not sent to England for education, are placed in these schools. I heard of very few families who had governesses, and therefore I do not think there is a good opening in the colony of Victoria for ladies of this class. They are sometimes required in the bush for the families of Squatters; and when this is the case, these families are only too happy to hear of one who has all the desirable qualifications.

I think, however, that the wealthy Squatters generally prefer taking their children to Europe for education; and those who are able are wise in doing so, as the children can be thereby fortified with English habits, as well as English constitutions.

It appears to me a great risk for govern-

esses to go out to Melbourne on speculation (which I fancy many have done, with little success); and in my opinion they had much better stay at home (where it is now the rule rather than the exception for families to have private tuition), unless, indeed, they go under an engagement, or have influential friends in the colony, through whose recommendation they could procure a desirable situation. It is not always in the wealthiest families in this gold community, that a highly-educated lady would feel the most happy and comfortable; and families who are not rich cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of a first-class governess.

It was explained to me that the reason so many parents in Melbourne prefer sending their daughters to school is on account of the limited home accommodation, which is entailed by the enormous rent of houses. Where there is a family, the houses are generally closely packed,

and there is seldom a spare room in them for a governess.

There are some excellent schools for boys in Melbourne. The Grammar-school, and the Presbyterian, are the two most important ones. Dr. Bromby, who was distinguished as a first-rate classic at home, is the head master of the Grammar-school, and appears to be much beloved and respected by his pupils.

Still, notwithstanding that the education in Melbourne is good, I must confess to having often urged my friends there to send their boys to one of our English public schools; and to having felt, that were I a parent, I would not send a daughter to a colonial school if I could avoid doing so. In these large educational establishments, there must be every variety and class of pupils, and as children unconsciously mould themselves after the manners, habits, and character of those with whom they associate, whether they be all that is desirable, or the

reverse, there is always a risk to be incurred, which, however, may be nullified by extra pains being bestowed by the parents when they have their children at home.

There is one kind of school which has not yet been established in Melbourne, and which, I think, would be a great boon to parents in the colony. I mean a lady's preparatory school for little boys between seven and ten years old, similar to many of the same kind in England which have been established with much success. I should fear, however, that a lady endowed with the attainments and rare merits for such an undertaking would scarcely be inclined to leave England, where, in almost any populous neighbourhood, she would succeed; unless, indeed, the more genial climate of Australia could tempt her to try the experiment out there.

There is a University in Melbourne which is in high esteem. The Professors are, I believe, first-class men from Oxford,

Cambridge, and other Universities, and are extremely painstaking and indefatigable in their endeavours to instil into the minds of the graduates a love of pure learning.

I knew one very intelligent youth—colonial born—whose love and reverence for his *Alma Mater* far surpassed anything of the kind I had ever observed in young Oxonians and Cantabs at home; and he assured me most emphatically that the examinations at his University very much exceeded in depth and severity those of English colleges; which idea greatly amused me.

It was in vain I told him of all I knew of this ordeal at home, and related some of the many anecdotes I had heard from my youth upwards (from one who had a rare gift of anecdote and conversation) of severe examinations at Oxford. The young graduate still rather scoffed at the idea of an Oxford examination being so severe as a Melbourne one. I then condescendingly

told this prejudiced young man that if he would show me some printed questions he had to answer for examination, I would help him, feeling pretty confident that my vivid recollections of Mangnall's "Questions," Goldsmith's "History of England," and other elementary works of still greater erudition, would help me through the solution of these questions. When, however, the young graduate gave me the paper, I was obliged to confess that I could neither find out the answers, nor even comprehend the questions, so frightfully abstruse were they; and therefore I as quickly as possible adroitly changed the subject of conversation, though still not convinced in the least.

I went once to see the ceremony of conferring degrees of honour on the graduates, &c.; and, although it did not *quite* remind me of an Oxford Commemoration, it was nevertheless an interesting ceremony.

The Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor were gorgeously arrayed in robes of black velvet and gold, with shoes, buckles, and hosen of the most courtly description.

I was struck with the great genius of the Chancellor, Sir Redmond Barry, in being able, so well and quickly, to compose (as he conferred on the numerous aspirants their respective degrees) a separate, impromptu, and most euphonious little speech, each one totally different from the others that had preceded it.

The University is an immense ecclesiastical-looking building, and contains the extensive and valuable public Museum. Each of the Professors has a suite of apartments within the building, allotted to himself and family (if he happen to have one), which appear to be most comfortable quarters, and are so built that in summer they are quite proof against the hot winds.

The University stands in some acres of

ground, and is well laid out with British trees, which (when grown) will form a delightfully umbrageous retreat for the professors and students.

CHAPTER VII.

Fine Arts — Pictures — Philharmonic Concerts — Oratorios — Italian Opera — Professors of Music — Newspapers — "The Argus" — "Punch" — "Home News" — Gardens — Trees — Flowers — Climbers — Botanical Gardens — Horticultural Shows — Promenade Concerts — Saturday Afternoon at the Gardens.

VERY little encouragement is given to the Fine Arts in this matter-of-fact country. Not that it is devoid of connoisseurs in art, for some there are who would give any price for a good picture if they could afford it; but these are usually unable to do so, having, generally speaking, limited incomes; whereas others, to whom money is no object, and who might, if inclined, almost buy up our National Gallery, do

not feel at all disposed to lay out their fondly cherished gold in what appears to them so senseless an extravagance. If either Millais, or Hunt, or Maclise, or Stanfield, were to go out to the colony, I doubt whether he would realise much more than would pay the rent of his studio. Still less would Michael Angelo or the "divine Raphael" make a living, or be appreciated, could either rise up in the capital of Victoria. The former might, perhaps, get a few orders for modelling or painting the Parliament Houses, and the latter might possibly have the honour of perpetuating the features of some *liberal* members of the Executive Council. I saw very few fine pictures in Australia. The two which struck me the most were—a full-length portrait of the late respected Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, presented by Lady Hotham to the Town Hall, and painted by Richmond; and one of a little boy, a son of the present Governor (in the dining-

room at Government House) painted by Buckner—a most exquisite picture. The artist was, I believe, struck with the beauty of the child as he ran into a room in a state of demi-toilette (that is, wearing a loose pinafore, without a collar on it), and requested to be allowed to take him in this costume.

There are Philharmonic concerts held in the Exhibition Building occasionally, and some of Handel's fine Oratorios are often most creditably performed. These, in my opinion, are the most enjoyable *réunions* in Melbourne. The Italian Opera is also remarkably well got up. The "Trovatore" was the favourite when I was there; and I think it must have been so with the opera-singers likewise (coming, perhaps, more within the compass of their voices than some of the other operas), for they always appeared in voice and spirits, and sang with infinite expression when performing this beautiful composition. There are con-

certs, too, sometimes, at which it is a great treat to hear the leading pianist in Australia, M. Boulanger. Though there are many musical people in Melbourne, professors of music do not succeed in making fortunes there; indeed, many have difficulty in earning a bare subsistence. Two of the pianists have lately left the colony in despair, and M. Boulanger is not well supported. This may be accounted for by the fact, that many of those who can afford to give their children the advantage of first-rate instruction do not sufficiently appreciate the advantage of it; whilst those parents who would gladly avail themselves of it, cannot often afford to do so, family expenses being very great.

Several daily and weekly newspapers are published in Melbourne, namely: "The Argus," "The Herald," "The Age," "The Examiner," and "Punch." Newspaper boys in profusion may be met with in the

morning between the hours of seven and eight, leaving a daily paper at almost every door; or rather, I should say, hurling a paper over into each garden in the suburbs of Melbourne. People in the colony are not generally early risers (owing to their keeping late hours at night), and so the newspaper boys, having, I suppose, become wearied of rousing the maid-servants by incessant ringing before they could get the door opened, have hit upon the expedient of depositing their paper on the nearest oleander, rose-bush, or wattle-tree which they pass by on their rounds. I have walked down to the beach sometimes before breakfast, and been amused by seeing a newspaper in almost every garden I passed. "The Argus" happened to be our daily paper, and I used to look for it in the morning on going down to breakfast just as at home one looks out for "The Times." I have seen young ladies poring over it with avidity, *leading article* and all, before set-

tling down to their morning avocations. The editor of this newspaper, who possesses great ability and an accomplished mind, does not fritter away his talents altogether upon the bickering strife of colonial politics. There are often articles upon subjects which ladies can quite master. The first thing which a colonist usually looks at in the daily paper is the "Shipping Intelligence," in the eager hope that amongst the arrivals may be discovered the name of some friend or acquaintance. "The Argus" is a great paper for advertisements, and part of a column is daily devoted to things "Lost and Found." Really people in the colony are much more careless than at home. Gentlemen appear to be continually losing bank-notes out of their pockets and leaving their pocket-books here, there, and every-where; and ladies are just as thoughtless in losing shawls, brooches, poodle-dogs, golden hearts, &c. I generally amused myself by reading this

heterogeneous list, especially after having the good fortune to discover, amongst the notices of things found, that of a purse which had been lost the day before by a favourite servant of ours, containing eighteen shillings. She had come home in great tribulation about it, as she was in the habit of sending her spare money to her grandmother in Ireland, and therefore sadly deplored the loss of that which would supply a poor relative with many luxuries. It was, consequently, with great gratification that I discovered that a gentleman had found the purse in the St. Kilda train at a certain hour, and would restore it to the owner on application. Eloquently did this warm-hearted Irish girl thank me for my discovery, and overwhelmed was she at the gentleman's generosity in refusing to take her proffered money to pay for his advertisement! I was once informed by one of two travellers who had been travelling through a lonely bush-track, that they

picked up on their way an envelope containing bank-notes to the amount of 50*l.*! It so happened that at the Bush Inn where they put up after finding the notes, neither landlord nor landlady were at home, only a very pretty daughter, which fact somewhat prolonged their stay at the inn. As a tribute of their appreciation of this rose of the wilderness, they had the great gratification of being able to restore the notes to their owner, who turned out to be the landlord of this inn, and who, with his wife, returned home in great distress of mind about his loss, whilst the travellers were still lingering beneath his roof.

"Punch" of Melbourne is just as facetious and full of fun as "Punch" of London. The illustrations, which are clever and amusing, when keeping within the bounds of good-nature, are by one of the principal artists in Melbourne, who has a wonderful genius for sketching the "human face divine." Some of the likenesses are, as

may be imagined, very much caricatured, where there is scope for it with ludicrous effect, but others are such perfect facsimiles that they really might be handed down from generation to generation as *portraits*, and would convey a much more correct idea of the originals than do many oil-paintings. There may be some few exceptions; for instance, I have occasionally noticed fond mothers or wives bewailing bitterly, almost with tears in their eyes, that the profiles in "Punch" of their sons or husbands were not sufficiently classical in outline, or else that they lacked that aristocratic and high-bred expression which shone out so pre-eminently in the living countenances of their dear ones.

There is also a publication, which comes out by each monthly mail, called "The Home News." It is printed in London expressly for each mail, and contains a summary of all that has happened within the month, up to the last hour of publica-

tion. This "Home News" may be seen in almost everybody's hand immediately after the arrival of the mail.

What an anxious and exciting time is this arrival of the English mail;—filling the minds of those who have friends at home with alternate hopes and fears (the latter preponderating), for what may not have happened within the space of four long weeks!

The first information which the public in general receive of the coming mail is by hearing the newspaper boys crying it out in the streets, and offering for sale a second edition of the daily papers containing a telegram of home events.

To turn to another subject: I was greatly disappointed in the gardens about Melbourne, which I had expected to find one blaze of exotic flowers. I heard of pretty gardens, and, when I went to see them, I could find nothing particularly worthy of admiration in them. The flowers were few

and far between, and did not spread and cover the beds as they do at home, presenting all the lovely hues of the rainbow; and the soil looked baked up, and of a dull sandy shade; and instead of the smooth velvet lawns, which are the principal feature in English grounds, the grass is coarse, and grows in tufts (and in summer is burnt up), which gives to the Melbourne gardens a very unfinished appearance. It is true that what are at home exotics grow beautifully in the open air in Australia, but still the general effect is, in my opinion, destroyed by the disadvantages I have mentioned. In one of the gardens, the white Arum, that very graceful and classical-looking plant, grew in great profusion, and flowered in the winter; and, although a lovely little boy, then aged two years and a quarter, went his daily rounds to destroy as many of these flowers as he could, his exertions never seemed to diminish them in the least. There are some very pretty shrubs,

and the wattle-tree, which belongs to the acacia tribe, is extremely graceful, and its leaf is of a brighter green than that of most other trees in Australia. There is one very pretty acacia (with a tiny leaf) which forms a hedge round many of the gardens in the suburbs, growing very luxuriantly. Soon after my return to England I discovered a miniature tree of this same acacia, botanically called *Acacia armata*, growing in a pot, in the Conservatory at Crewe Hall, in Cheshire, and I at once recognised it as an offspring of my favourite hedge, but looking tender and fragile, as though it were pining after its native clime.

Although I could not greatly admire the gardens of Melbourne, I was charmed with the graceful and luxuriant flowering climbers around the verandahs; these impart a picturesque appearance to the smallest cottage. The Dolycus (which has a pretty pink flower, and is familiarly called in rural districts "creeping Jane") and the

passion-flower grow with great rapidity and luxuriance. The Dolycus sometimes grows so thickly that not a ray of light can be seen through it in some parts of the verandahs, and this considerably darkens a room, if the windows happen to be small. At one of the houses, the garden of which I most admired, near Melbourne, this climber grew so very thickly that the owner of the place had cut an opening through it at one end of the verandah in the form of a small oval window, which admitted light and also commanded an extensive and well-wooded view. Since my return home, I have tasted from a hot-house the delicious fruit of the passion-flower, which I never met with in the colony; this *fruiting* passion-flower being a native of "The Cape." I intend, however, to send some seeds of it to my friends in Australia, where it ought to flourish in perfection, as do other trees and plants indigenous to "The Cape."

The only garden which at all reminded

me of England in its arrangements and gaiety of aspect (excepting the one to which I have alluded), was that at Government House.

The Botanical Gardens are, however, excessively pretty. They are well laid out in a bend of the river Yarra. The grounds are undulating, and green with British vegetation, and command a view of Hobson's Bay and the town in the distance. The first time I saw them, on an exquisite March day (the most enjoyable month in the year in Australia), it did not require a very powerful stretch of the imagination to try and realise the idea that it was Mount Edgecumbe Park in which I was standing, and that I was overlooking the Bay and town of Plymouth. At least, I remember making the comparison at the time, though the illusion gradually died away after repeated visits. These gardens, which really are very gay with flowers, slope down to a natural lagoon, which is

frequented by water-fowl. There is an immense glass house in the grounds, where British birds may be seen disporting themselves amongst the vegetation.

The gardens were laid out by Dr. Mueller, the Government botanist, who is well known at home as a man of science. They have been his hobby for some years, and he lives within their precincts, and, I believe, quite worships the ground upon which he has so devotedly expended his genius and interest. They are a great *rendezvous* every Saturday afternoon, when the band of the Regiment plays. Sometimes, on these days, there is the extra attraction of a horticultural show or a promenade concert. For thoroughly enjoying the gardens and flowers, the early morning is the pleasantest time, but if a stranger would wish to see all the beauty and gay world of Melbourne to advantage, one of these Saturday afternoons affords a favourable opportunity. Here brides generally make

their first appearance. I thought some of the brides, and the ladies generally, in these gardens, rather overdressed, and that some of the very youthful ones would have looked more suitably attired on a hot summer's day in cool muslin rather than in heavy flounced silks. In this respect, they far out-did in splendour the fair Devonshire ladies, who are much more unpretending in their attire when they congregate in Mount Edgecumbe, or parade the enchanting Hoe at Plymouth on a band day.

Saturday being a half-holiday in Melbourne, Courts, Banks, and other offices are closed on that afternoon; and so the *beaux* and *exquisites* of this gay metropolis are enabled to assemble in great force to "*hear the band.*" "Do look at Mr. So-and-so," I heard sprightly young ladies remarking on one or two occasions, he never misses coming to "*hear the band.*" The young ladies who made these observations must have been themselves pretty regular in their

attendance, so that they had no right to reflect on the gentlemen in this respect. I must say, I thought it rather creditable than otherwise in those gentlemen (without family ties) who "never missed." In the first place coming to hear the band proved that they were fond of music—the concord of sweet sounds—; then, they showed their good taste in liking to spend their holiday afternoon in ladies' society, and in the prettiest resort near Melbourne. Others there were who might have had the same enjoyment, but who preferred the tainted air of the Café de Paris, or the still worse atmosphere of the billiard-room. I do not mean to say, however, that all those who stayed away were dissipated characters—far from it; for some of the most domestic men I was acquainted with in Melbourne seldom went to "The Gardens" at all.

Besides all the *belles* and *exquisites* who assemble here, there are generally a great

many pretty little children about, attended by particularly nice-looking nursery-maids. I was very much struck with some of the latter, who, dressed in clean muslin dresses, brown straw hats, and with parasols in hand, looked very superior to the ordinary class of servants; indeed, I heard of several instances of nursery-maids who had not been born to servitude, but who had been reduced to it by the adverse circumstances of their parents who had emigrated with them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Climate — Hot Winds — Sudden Changes — An Australian Winter — Moonlight Nights — Sunsets — House-Rent — Servants — High Wages — A Cook *à la* Soyer — High Life below Stairs.

The climate of Australia is very delightful; indeed, for about ten months in the year I thought it almost perfection, and that it could scarcely be surpassed by any climate in the world. Its only drawbacks are the hot winds and sudden changes from heat to cold, and *vice versâ*.

The hot wind, which blows from the interior of the continent, is like a blast from a furnace, but it only lasts for two or three days at a time, and comes but four or five times during the summer — sometimes not

so often. Whilst this wind is blowing the doors and windows of houses are kept closed; and then, in a well-built house of brick or stone, with lofty rooms, the temperature within doors is quite bearable. I never felt the heat too much at these times, though I was glad enough when a change came, and the windows could be opened to admit a fresh breeze into the room. Indeed, I felt less languid and oppressed by the heat in Australia than I have done on a summer's day in Cheltenham, in Devonshire, or in London, which may be accounted for by the fact of the Australian atmosphere being particularly dry and clear. But the heat of a wooden or iron-house, which class of houses I hope will soon become extinct, is most oppressive, and has a serious effect on some constitutions. I have seen unfortunate ladies, who were condemned by economy to live in small houses of wood or iron, looking haggard and careworn at an age when in

England they would have been in full bloom. The hot winds are said by old colonists to become less frequent each year, in consequence of the country being more cultivated.

The last summer I spent in the colony I thought very little warmer than an English summer, as, though it was quite hot enough, we had not one of those winds which (as I said before) are like a blast from a furnace. These winds are always succeeded by one from the opposite direction — colonially called "a *southerly buster*,"—and the air then becomes filled with dense clouds of dust. After the dust has subsided, the windows are thrown open, and there is a general rush into the verandahs; and occasionally this south wind is so keen that persons who have a few minutes before been panting for breath, begin positively to shiver with cold. The wind changes very suddenly, at times, from heat to cold, which changes are trying to some constitutions, and to persons susceptible of cold. I have gone out lightly

clad on a warm sunny day, and the wind has sometimes suddenly veered round, and I have returned home feeling quite frozen. Then, again, I have gone out on a cold, chilly morning warmly clad, and returned home quite oppressed with heat.

Many persons prefer the Australian winter to the summer. It is certainly the pleasantest season (when the heavy rains have subsided) for walking and general exercise. The streets in Melbourne are all well paved, and the pathways flagged, so that they soon dry up, and ladies have not now to wade through mud in *Hessian* boots, or such like, as we read of their doing once in legends of the early days of Melbourne, and even so lately as six or nine years ago. Now, in these modern times, only the most exquisite of *Balmorals* are tolerated. The winter in Australia is said to resemble that of Palermo. To me it felt like a cold English June, or like early October weather. The

summer is said to resemble that of Baden or Marseilles. I have asked old colonists and travellers their opinion of the Australian climate, and many have told me that it is not so good as that of the Cape or of parts of New Zealand. Still, judged by an English standard, it is, in my opinion, very enjoyable—sunshine is the general rule, and clouds are the exception. The nights in Australia are exquisite beyond description, and especially when it is moonlight. If travellers were to see the country for the first time by the light of the moon only, they would call it fairy-land; for she lends enchantment to views which by broad daylight have no beauty in them. The difference of the two aspects is as great as that of Naples and Mount Vesuvius *by night*, at the Zoological Gardens, and the same seen by the light of the sun. I often tried to read by moonlight, having heard of travellers doing so, but it was only with an effort that I succeeded. Still, I can well

imagine that a traveller with strong sight and a book of large type, might be able to beguile the weary hours of his journey by so doing.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of an Australian summer sunset, to which either a Turner, Cuyp, or Claude, would fail to do justice. It is a glorious sight on a summer's evening to watch, from the beach, the sun setting over the Bay, which, filled with shipping, bright little boats, and gaily painted buoys, looks "one burnish'd sheet of living gold," or, rather, crimson; but it is one of those sights which are far too evanescent, for how soon it glides "like happiness away!"

"Parting day
Dies like the dolphin whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey!"

And very soon all is darkness.

"One mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light."

There is no twilight in Australia.

From the front of one house in which I lived, we had a lovely view of the Bay and distant Ranges. A little pet nephew of mine soon found out my weakness for sunsets, and as he regularly took an evening ride on his rocking-horse, he never would allow me to miss seeing one. In whatever part of the house I happened to be, I heard him bursting in at the front door like a little whirlwind, exclaiming in his highest key, "Auntie! Auntie! Sunset! Sunset!" and if I did not fly with the wings of love in half a second, he expressed no small amount of indignation at my lukewarmness, as he seemed to think that, having established a reputation for being fond of sunsets, I ought to display more alacrity in going to look at them.

And now, having, I trust, done justice to the climate of Australia, I must add, in justice also to dear old England, that I never enjoyed any season in Australia so

much as a real English summer. I missed the "emerald meadows gay," the stately elms and oaks, the pleasant lanes,

> "The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
> Shedding around their rich perfume;"

the fragrant clover fields, the picturesque villages, the Elysian gardens, and all those other adjuncts which constitute the charm of an English summer.

House-rent in Melbourne is still very high, though it is moderate compared with what it was five or six years since. I cannot give my readers a better idea on the subject than by describing those houses of which I had personal experience.

The first in which I lived was a one-storied, well-built, brick house with a shingle roof, and verandah. The rent of it was 200*l.* per annum. It contained a drawing and dining-room, three bed-rooms, a kitchen, washhouse, and servants' room; and there was a small garden to it, the wall

of which was covered with vines, on which grapes grew in profusion. The drawing and dining-rooms were of very good size, between 20 and 30 feet long, and delightfully cool in hot weather. The bed-rooms were small as compared with the sitting-rooms, but cool and lofty. The kitchen was just about large enough to contain an American stove, tables, and two good-tempered Irish servants. English servants accustomed to English comforts would not, I am sure, have stayed in it, for, small as it was, there were three doors to it, which admitted frightful draughts and gusts of wind in the cold weather. Out of this kitchen was a little room for servants. Nearly all houses that were built a few years since have the same kind of miserable little kitchen, with a room for servants leading out of it, — sometimes this room of extremely small dimensions. Kitchens are detached from the houses, to keep the latter as cool as possible. There

was no such thing as a store-room or linen-closet in this house. Architects in the colony do not appear often to indulge housekeepers in such luxuries. Had it been situated in St. Kilda, or any other favourite locality, the rent of this house would have been higher than it was; but, it was in a decidedly *unfashionable* locality — a few minutes' walk from the Houses of Parliament.

House-rent was gradually getting lower during the three years I was in the colony, and the rent of the next house we removed to, which was in a good situation, was 175*l.* per annum. This house contained many more rooms than the previous one. Besides two good sitting-rooms, it had four bed-rooms, two of them large and two small, a dressing-room and attics, kitchen, wash-house, and stables. It was also delightfully cool, and had a sloping garden in front. The drainage of it, however, was bad.

The last house in which I stayed was

a compact, one-storied, brick house, with verandah to it. It was also in a good situation, and the rent of it was 120*l.* a-year. It contained two good-sized sitting-rooms with folding-doors, three bed-rooms, a kitchen, servants' room, washhouse, and small garden. It was impossible to get a six or seven-roomed brick house for a lower rent than 120*l.*, unless it were inconveniently situated, far out in the country, and then the extra expense of living in a remote spot made up for the difference in the rent.

A wooden house of the same size as the one I have just described might be had for 80*l.* a-year, but I should much prefer a small brick house to a large wooden one; the heat in summer and cold in winter being so much greater in the latter; which latter the flies do also so very much prefer. Still, some of these wooden houses are very pretty to look at when built with wide verandahs, which are overgrown with climbers. I have seen many cottages of this description,

the appearance of which would enchant some romantic young ladies and gentlemen, as the realisation of all their fancy had painted of the abode of undying Love, Peace, and Harmony. There are other houses, too, which are called weather-board, and are well plastered inside; and these, the house-agent assured me, were cool as a grotto in summer and extremely comfortable, warm, and cosy in winter; but the more enthusiastic he grew about them, the more sceptical I felt, as the rent of them was much less than that of a brick house.

In addition to such houses as I have described, there are endless varieties of what are termed "palatial residences," inhabited by wealthy Midases who have possessed the charm of turning into gold all that they have touched or speculated upon. And there is every description and size of cottage and wooden hut. Even canvas shanties may still be found in dusty, dreary

North Melbourne, in which the too often disappointed emigrant is sometimes thankful to lay his weary head.

A great deal has been written in condemnation of colonial servants, and with truth; still, that there are some good servants in the colony I can bear testimony. I was fortunate enough to have personal experience of three only, and they were three of the best servants I ever met with in my life; but I heard from my friends that I was unusually favoured in my domestic experiences. The same servant who uncorded my boxes when I arrived in the colony, corded them for me when I left it. These three young women happened to have all come from the same place in Ireland, where the clergyman of their parish had taken a peculiar interest in them; and the result was, that they were steady, well-principled, and willing to the highest degree; besides being good-tempered, warm-hearted, and untiringly kind and attentive

in time of sickness. One of them, after living in our house for four years, was, to our great grief, beguiled into marrying a sergeant of the regiment stationed in Melbourne. So simple-minded was this young woman, that when she discovered the profession of her intended husband, which he never revealed to her until after he had wooed and won her (having always appeared in plain clothes), she discarded him immediately, because she thought that a soldier could not be otherwise than a very wicked man. Soldiers and wickedness appeared, somehow, to be jumbled together in her mind; and therefore she felt that she would be rushing into "*throuble*" by allying herself to one. The sergeant, however, who was by no means worse than other men, knew what a prize he had won, and therefore, with that self-will peculiar to his sex, would not be cast off, but threatened to die of a broken heart if she would not smile upon him. Her

tender heart could not bear the idea of this, and she relented. Some kind readers may be glad to hear that she was very happy, until the New Zealand war broke out, when she had to go through the anguish of parting; but she had the consolation (and I believe has still) of receiving repeated telegrams from the brave sergeant, and letters expressed in the most affectionate terms. The other two excellent young women spurned the idea of matrimony altogether, as "they could not bring their minds to connect themselves with anything that was coarse or vulgar-minded," and there happened to be no more eligible colour-sergeants on the *tapis*. Until I went to Australia I had known nothing of Irish servants, but I am now prepossessed in favour of the best class of them. They are good-tempered, cheerful, and willing; not, perhaps, so methodical and systematic as a well-trained English servant, who has a time

and place for everything; but they are pleasanter than many of these model English servants, in never objecting to do things out of the usual routine of their daily work. They are full, too, of life and humour, of which you may enjoy the benefit occasionally without their presuming upon your affability. How often do old English retainers become insufferably unpleasant in their manner!

There are two classes of servants in the colony; there is a better class, such as I have described, and a very low class of Irish, who go out in complete ignorance of civilised habits. The better class may only be had by giving the highest wages, which some people will not, and others cannot do. They have, therefore, to put up with inferior servants, whom they change perhaps every two or three months — which change involves constant turmoil and misery.

The better class of Melbourne servants,

when they get into a good situation, where they are kindly treated by their master and mistress, cling to it with tenacity, and put up with little inconveniences and discomforts more cheerfully than a servant would do at home; because, as they say, there are many rich families with whom they would not live, as the mistresses of these households sometimes do not know exactly how to treat them.

Servants' wages are still high, and likely to continue so, I should think, for who will venture to make the first movement towards lowering them, knowing the class they will have to fall back upon, if they offer low wages? When I left Melbourne, housemaids were getting 30*l.* a-year,—a "cook and laundress" 36*l.* a-year. In many families the cook undertakes to be laundress as well, as the expense of putting out washing is still very great. Up the country I found that laundresses often charged at the rate of 6*s.* a dozen for the smallest

things, but they are more reasonable in Melbourne. A nurserymaid gets about 26*l.* a-year.

I did not hear of any of those infallible, middle-aged nurses, such as get in England 20*l.* a-year. A general servant, where only one is kept, has 30*l.* a-year; a married couple 30*l.* a-year each; a *good* cook, 25*s.* a-week; but few families indulge in this luxury. I knew one household, where the cook received these wages, but she was certainly infallible, as far as her cookery went, and sent everything up *à la Soyer* (at least so I was informed by some colonial epicures). Such *curry* as hers had never been known before in Melbourne; it was whispered to me that Kings and Queens, and even Lord Mayors of London, might have sat down to it—and I may venture to bear testimony to the wondrous excellence of her coffee (which is not generally good in the colony); even Mehemet Ali would, I

fancy, have smiled complacently upon it; and, perhaps, have commanded his slaves to get the receipt thereof.

The servants up the country get still higher wages than in Melbourne. A general servant receives 42*l.* a-year, and where two are kept the wages are proportionably high. Families up the country have to write to one of the numerous registry offices in Melbourne when they want a new servant; and it is a mere chance whether they get a desirable one or not, as they are sent very indiscriminately from some of the offices.

I was taken once to call at a house in a small town up the country, the door of which was opened by a very showy, rosy-cheeked girl with glossy black hair; and, to my surprise, I was told afterwards, that both the bloom on her face and the jet of her hair were artificial, and that she was in the habit of stealing bottles of sherry;

and yet her employers were almost afraid of dismissing her, for fear of making an exchange for the worse. Another family up the country had a general servant, who was honest and good-tempered, and respectable enough, but still who never missed (as soon as she had deposited coffee on the table at about nine o'clock) going out in the evening to a social gathering at the house of one or other of her neighbours; which gaiety her employers endured for a wonderfully long time, till at length their patience succumbed.

There is a good opening in the colony for steady housekeepers, such as ought to be required by bachelors. They would receive immense wages, and have comfortable homes.

When I was on a visit up the country, there was quite a panic amongst all the bachelors in the neighbourhood. They had each, as they imagined, secured "*treasures*" of housekeepers, supposed to be

worth their weight in gold, when suddenly their eyes were opened to the fact of having been cruelly taken in! These "*treasures*" had turned out unprincipled and dishonest. Two of them, being somewhat imposing in appearance, had taken to ball-going; and actually went to one *county* ball (where their masters were amongst the distinguished guests) dressed in rose-coloured tarlatan over white silk, wreaths, &c.; this little frolic being passed over, they conjointly gave one day, in their masters' absence, a grand pic-nic, and did not hesitate to empty, as nearly as possible, their benedicts' wine-cellars. This conduct compelled their employers to dismiss them.

These foolish women may, perhaps, now be in the depths of misery and starvation, and yet they had the chance of leading a life of ease and comfort, such as many a poor lady in the colony might envy.

I have written thus lengthily, and, I fear, wearisomely, on the subject of colonial

servants, as I think that some (if any there be amongst my readers) who have a prospect of making their home in the colony may be interested in learning my experiences of them.

CHAPTER IX.

Housekeeping — Market Prices in Melbourne — Prices up the Country — Ice — Carriage and Cab Hire — Jingles — An Honest Omnibus Driver — Dress — Advice to Ladies.

HOUSEKEEPING expenses and all articles of food, with some few exceptions, are still very much higher in Australia than they are at home; though they are considerably less than they were in the early days of the gold discovery. A day or two before I left Melbourne I noted down the market prices of some of the necessaries of life, as follows:

Bread, 9*d.* the 4 lb. loaf.
Butter, 1*s.* 8*d.* a pound — in summer, 3*s.*
Cheese, 1*s.* 9*d.* a pound.
Eggs, 3*s.* 6*d.* a dozen in winter — 1*s.* 6*d.* a dozen in summer.

Bacon, 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound.
Mutton and beef, 5*d.* a pound.
Steaks, 7*d.* a pound.
Turkeys, from 17*s.* to 25*s.* each.
Fowls, from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* a couple.
Cream, 4*s.* a quart.
Milk, 10*d.* a quart.
Apples, 8*d.* a pound.
Potatoes, at the rate of 14 lbs. for 1*s.*
Cabbages, from 3*d.* to 1*s.* each.
Tea, 3*s.* a pound.
Coffee, 2*s.* a pound.
Loaf sugar, 10*d.* a pound.
Raw sugar, 4*d.* and 6*d.* a pound.
Coals, 3*l.* a ton.

Everything in the way of provisions is to be had quite as good as at home, with the exception, in my opinion, of meat; which, cooked soon after being killed, is generally very tough, and much coarser than it is at home.

There is every facility afforded to housekeepers in Melbourne for getting up a dinner, on short notice, if regardless of expense. The grocers' shops are most complete. Fresh fruits, preserved in bot-

tles, are sent out in great abundance from America and England. Ready-made jellies of all kinds are to be had in bottles from England; and all sorts of game, &c. are sent out ready cooked, preserved in tins,—such as hares, partridges, venison, ducks, &c.

The first time I saw a hare appear on a colonial table I was somewhat startled, and my imagination carried me back at once to the pleasant shooting season in old England, with all its genial country parties—with which there are none to compare in the colony. Visions of friends or relatives marching off on the 1st of September, armed *cap-à-pie* for slaughter, and of benignant old gentlemen, mounted on well-trained shooting-ponies and chuckling with delight, suddenly flitted before my eyes.

I have received from a very practical old resident of Sandhurst (formerly called Bendigo, an important town on the Diggings, containing 25,000 inhabitants) a

list of the market prices there, as follows:—

Fresh butter, 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.
Salt butter, 2*s.* per lb.
Fresh eggs, 3*s.* a dozen.
Loaf sugar, 1*s.* per lb.
Raw sugar, 8*d.* per lb.
Tea, 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.
Bread, 1*s.* 3*d.* a 4 lb. loaf.
Meat, from 4½*d.* to 7*d.* per lb.
Best apples, 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.
Grapes, 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.
Oranges, from 4*d.* to 6*d.* each.
Pine apples, 1*s.* 6*d.* each.
Potatoes, at times very cheap, as in England.
Cabbages, turnips, and carrots, very dear and inferior.

"The prices of many things appear high. It is not the importer now who gets the profits, but the retailers, and they are compelled to charge enormous prices to pay enormous rents." These are the remarks of a successful colonist who has just returned home, with an independent fortune, at the early age of about two-and-thirty;

having been steady in unremitting attention to business.

One of the least expensive luxuries in the way of housekeeping in Melbourne is ice. There are two kinds sold—that from Wenham Lake, and the patent ice manufactured at Geelong. The latter is very much cheaper than the former, and I could not perceive any difference between the two; though *connoisseurs* maintained that the American *bonâ fide* article was colder than the artificial production. The Patent Ice Company, however, differs from these *connoisseurs*, and has published a pamphlet which is issued amongst householders, setting forth the immense superiority of the artificial ice; and maintaining that it is as cold as that from Wenham Lake, with the advantage of dissolving in water, or other liquid, more quickly,—"thereby producing a more uniform and intense degree of cold in a much shorter time than can be obtained by the tiresome and unsatisfactory solution

of natural ice." The fact of "that distinguished epicure Prince Talleyrand" having taken "intense draughts" of ice-water every day at dinner, and of the strange coincidence, that he should have "attained the ripe old age of eighty-four," is also ingeniously inserted in the pamphlet.

Subscribers to this ice have 30 lbs. of it delivered twice a-week, by paying, in advance, the sum of 1*l.* 15*s.* per month. Casual purchasers pay 3*d.* per pound.

One of the many great expenses which living in or near Melbourne entails, is that of carriage or cab hire. The distance from one suburb to another is great, and, consequently, the expense of getting, in any sort of conveyance, from place to place is very considerable. To keep a carriage and horses with all the usual paraphernalia and appurtenances, it requires something more than a good income; and so only the *Crœsi* (if I may invent a word) of Melbourne can indulge in this luxury. There are two

kinds of conveyances to be hired, namely, two-horse cabs and omnibuses. I have seen ladies paying a pound for a cab to take them to pay a ceremonious visit—which visit was effected in the space of an hour—; and this was considered a moderate charge, compared with that of former days. Of course the expense of a conveyance to an evening party is very much greater. An omnibus may be chartered at much less cost (gentlemen who have lived in India *will* persist in calling this vehicle a *jingle*, which perhaps sounds better); it is a kind of *dos-à-dos* conveyance, holding three in front and three behind; it has a waterproof top to it, supported by four iron rods, and oilskin curtains to draw all round as a protection from the rain or dust.

These omnibuses are the most draughty things imaginable, but they are certainly very convenient. They are constantly plying between Melbourne and the suburbs, taking up passengers for the sum of 3*d.*,

6*d.*, or more, according to the distance of the suburb to which they are bound. They are in great demand at night, as a large proportion of the ladies and gentlemen who attend balls and parties go in chartered omnibuses. Ladies, when they first arrive in the colony, look somewhat scornfully at these conveyances, and imagine that they could never condescend to appear in one of them; but it is astonishing how soon they become, not only reconciled to them, but thankful to get into one of them after an exhausting walk into the town. I can speak feelingly, for I have many a time felt only too happy to be conveyed up the Eastern Hill in one of these jingles.

A few years since only the wealthiest citizens of Melbourne could avail themselves frequently of hired conveyances, as the charge for them was enormous; and consequently some of the social conventionalities, such as paying a ceremonious call

after a party, &c. were very much neglected, and even now this particular conventionality is not much observed at Melbourne. There are railways now open to St. Kilda (which is three miles from Melbourne), and to one or two other suburbs. A return ticket from Melbourne to St. Kilda and back costs 1*s.* 6*d.*

I must here record the honesty of a Melbourne omnibus-driver, as I think that there is many a cab-driver in London to whom he might be an example. We had returned home one night in one of these vehicles, when a gentleman of our party gave, by mistake, half a sovereign instead of a sixpence, which mistake the driver discovered immediately, and ran after us to return that which had been inadvertently given him.

All articles of dress are expensive in Melbourne, and yet the ladies of Melbourne, generally speaking, are much more extravagant in their toilettes than are ladies

at home. I never, even in the gayest English watering-place, saw such elaborate female attire as at Melbourne. I do not only allude to individuals who, possessing untold wealth, array themselves without regard to harmony of colour in the most costly and gorgeous apparel that money can buy; but also to ladies, who having unexceptionable taste, seem to make dress their hobby,—the all-engrossing subject of their thoughts by day, as it is possibly of their dreams by night. To this general rule there are, however, many exceptions, and I noticed that the exceptions were usually the most agreeable, accomplished, and companionable of all the ladies in Melbourne. I rather expect, however, to hear of a revolution having taken place with regard to this taste for outward adornment. The Governor of Victoria has lately married a lady of extremely simple and quiet tastes, and as His Excellency's wife takes the highest position amongst the ladies in

the colony, simplicity may now become the prevailing fashion.

It was once my privilege to be at an archery party, at which one of the guests, I was informed on good authority, wore a *thirty-guinea* bonnet! I did not hear this exciting news until after the party was over, and so lost the opportunity, which perchance I may never have again, of seeing what a thirty-guinea bonnet was like. It appeared, however, that the host, on this occasion, having received information of the fact at an earlier period, had his peace of mind very much disturbed in consequence, for the day was threatening, and he could not bear the idea of an Australian shower destroying the marvellous fabric of which a bonnet so costly must be composed. I never happened, however, to have shown to me by the most extortionate milliner a bonnet of a higher price than 3*l*.

I was one day talking to a Melbourne lady on the subject of dress, and she was

trying to calculate how much the clothing of her large family cost her annually, practising, as she did, the greatest possible economy, and at the same time making a good appearance, as in her position she was compelled to do. It appeared that the elder daughters and boys cost not less than 40*l.* a-year each; the younger boys about 30*l.* a-year each; and the little girls about 20*l.* a-year each. All these sums together make a considerable inroad, even into a good income. What, then, must those ladies spend who dress altogether regardless of expense! I should think that their pin-money must be calculated, not by tens, but by hundreds.

Some of the haberdashers make large fortunes, as may be imagined, and yet one hears occasionally of insolvencies amongst them, and sellings-off at frightful sacrifices. This may be accounted for by the fact that there are one or two shops which have a great name, to which marts of fashion

the wealthy confine themselves. Everything which the shopping female heart can desire is to be had at these shops—but bargains.

The latest fashions come direct from Paris in less than two months after they arrive in London, and sooner than they reach remote districts of England.

Ladies who go out to the colony make a mistake in imagining that the climate is so hot that anything in the way of dress which is not of the most aerial fabric will be unbearable. Those light materials, which do not wash, very soon catch the dust, and look shabby; and for nine months in the year silk dresses are quite bearable, and the dust may be shaken and rubbed off these; so that I came to the conclusion that they were more useful than those of any other material. Boots and gloves are very expensive; and therefore I advise ladies who are going to the colony to take with them as many pairs as they possibly

can, only they must be careful in packing them, or they will find them covered with mould at the end of the voyage. It is considered advisable to have all boxes for a sea voyage lined with tin, and well soldered.

CHAPTER X.

Churches — The Bishop — The Dean — Places of Worship in general — Charitable Institutions.

THERE are about seven churches (of the Church of England) in the city of Melbourne, and one in each of the principal suburbs. I was greatly surprised to find how thinly most of these churches were attended, and how many people there were in Australia, even amongst the educated, and those in a good position, who never entered a place of worship. Considering how few churches there are in the colony in proportion to the population, they ought to be full to overflowing; but I seldom saw one so well filled as it might have been; excepting in one or two instances, where

the clergymen of their districts were greatly beloved and respected by their congregations. Some people grow very careless when they go out to the colony; even many of those who from habit, if not from a better motive, have been regular in attending public worship at home, gradually relax in the colony; and, if they do not like their district clergyman, give up going to church altogether. I have sometimes (presuming on their good-nature) ventured gently to expostulate with gentlemen who I found, with regret, never by any chance went to church. Some would, perhaps, smile satirically and request me to pray for them; others have assured me that they would go regularly, only that they had not patience to sit and listen to their humdrum clergyman delivering a badly-constructed, yet lengthy discourse, in extreme Irish or broad north-of-England accent. I never would admit that this was a sufficient excuse for their not attending

the church services, but I found that it did prevent very many from going who otherwise would do so.

The greater proportion of the colonial clergy are neither men of talent, nor university men; nor do they appear to make up for these deficiencies by any extra zeal and energy. There are, however, a few exceptions to this general rule, who shine out in bright relief amongst the rest, and who would fill their churches, were they as large again as they are.

I happened to be living for two years in a district the incumbent and curate of which did not make themselves personally acquainted with their congregation, but when they wanted subscriptions for anything, sent round emissaries, who were provided by them with a list of the pew-holders, who were expected to subscribe. I saw the deplorable result of having clergy so inadequate to the wants of the colony, and I was sometimes saddened by

the accounts of my friends concerning the districts in which they lived.

The bishop is reflected upon by some persons for not providing the churches with a higher class of clergy; but I believe he is blameless. He himself in a speech expressed an ardent desire that sufficient funds could be raised to induce clergymen of talent to go out to the colony; and, though he ordains scripture-readers, or others who have not been highly educated, I believe that it is from necessity and not preference that he does so. The very highest class of clergy are wanted in the colony — men of talent, zeal, and energy — to draw to church the colonists, of whom so many are lukewarm, and some of whom are even altogether sceptics. Clergy of this high order would have more influence over, and more tact in adapting themselves to the understanding of, the various classes which form the bulk of the colonial congregations. The humbler classes have a

quick perception of the difference between the higher order of clergy, and that to which they are in general accustomed in the colony; and it jars greatly on those who are educated to be obliged to hear our noble Liturgy read, as well as to hear a sermon delivered, in an uncultivated dialect and voice.

These opinions were expressed to me continually by persons who tried to excuse the lukewarmness of some of the colonists. I must confess to having always experienced a peculiar emotion of gratification on those Sundays when I perceived that the bishop was going to officiate; irrespective of the pleasure of listening to one of his excellent discourses, his tone and dialect were those of one of our highly-educated English clergy, and such as I had generally been accustomed to in England.

How often, as I walked home from church, did my thoughts wander to parishes I had known in various parts of England,

and I wished that some few enlightened parish-priests whom I there remembered, could be transplanted to the colony, where they could not fail to exercise a mighty influence for good. There are many colonists who will not exert themselves to walk a great distance (sometimes it may be through much heat and dust) to church, unless they like their district clergyman. I heard of some districts up the country, where the inhabitants, having felt keenly the want of a pastor, had met together and drawn up petitions beseeching that one might be sent to each of their several townships, and had ensured for them good salaries, and been prepared to receive them with open arms. They had hoped, too, that they might socially be an agreeable addition to their limited circles. But great had been their disappointment when the appointed pastors had arrived amongst them;—in nearly every respect they had fallen short of the anticipations of the too-sanguine expectant flocks.

Whilst I was in Melbourne, I received a letter from a church dignitary at home, who is a model parish-priest, requesting me to write him a long and interesting account of things ecclesiastical, to describe the colonial clergy, and to tell him what was the prevalent style of church architecture. This zealous and ardent clergyman, having heard my account of the luxuriously fitted up houses in Melbourne (he himself being in the habit of spending very much more upon his church and parish than upon his house), expected to hear from me of some perfect gems of church architecture, which he thought might have been erected by successful colonists. In answer to this letter, the only information I could then give him was, that I had not seen a church built in any of the styles of architecture which are mentioned in "Bloxam."

I afterwards, however, saw a neat church built of blue-stone in one of the suburbs, the interior of which I was much struck

with, as it reminded me, more than did any other, of one of our modern churches at home. It so happened that the incumbent of this church was one of the most polished and highly educated men in the colony.

Dr. Perry is the present Bishop of Melbourne. Although he is, by some people, complained of as wanting in discretion,—whether justly or not I cannot say,—those who are well acquainted with him appear to have a high opinion of his zeal and excellence. I believe that he has the interest of the colony thoroughly at heart; and his wife is one of the most actively benevolent amongst the many benevolent ladies in Melbourne.

The Very Rev. Hussey Burgh Macartney, D.D. is the Dean of Melbourne. He is now no longer young, and has, I believe, retired from his duties as incumbent of St. James's. He has a noble and benevolent countenance, and is much beloved by those

who know him. He has, I hear, been succeeded at St. James's by a gentleman who bears a high character in England for zeal and eloquence.

There are several Presbyterian churches in and about Melbourne. The Rev. Dr. Cairns is, I believe, the leading Presbyterian minister in the colony of Victoria.

The principal Roman Catholic church is St. Francis's Cathedral, in Lonsdale Street. The Right Rev. Dr. Goold is the Roman Catholic bishop; Dr. Fitzpatrick is the vicar-general,—the late vicar-general, Dr. Geoghegan, having been made Bishop of Adelaide not long since. There are Roman Catholic chapels in nearly all the suburbs, and in each important township up the country.

There are also in Melbourne Independent, Baptist, Welsh Methodist, Unitarian, Society of Friends, and German Lutheran places of worship.

There is a service in the Chinese lan-

guage every Sunday, conducted by an English clergyman and by one of the Chinese native Christians.

And, lastly, there are two Jews' synagogues in Melbourne, which city contains an immense population of Jews.

There are several charitable institutions in Melbourne which are supported by voluntary contributions, and which are, I think, standing proofs that there must be a considerable amount of benevolence amongst the inhabitants of Melbourne. The principal institutions are the Melbourne Hospital, the Benevolent Asylum for the aged and infirm, two Orphan Asylums—one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic. Also an Hospital exclusively for women. There are several Missions, both of local origin, and connected with English societies.

CHAPTER XI.

A Chapter for my little Friends — Specimens of Bushland — Native Weapons — Throwing the Boomerang — The Native Cupid's Bow — Barbarity of the Black Men — Sports in the Colony — Little Children in Australia — Wonderful little Boys and Girls.

I AM going to write this chapter principally for the benefit of my youthful friends, who will, I hope, be able to glean some interesting information from it. It was only a few days before I sailed for England, that it occurred to me that I ought to take home with me some native curiosities and specimens of Bushland; and to get possession of one of the native weapons called a boomerang, &c. &c., became the great object of my ambition. As I happened one day

to be taking an early dinner with a family of my acquaintance, in which there were several young people, I expressed to them my wishes; upon which, they all eagerly volunteered contributions. "I know a black man intimately," said one little boy, "who, I am sure, will give me a boomerang, if he happen to be about just now; and, besides, I can give you two snakes." "Oh!" I gasped out, rather terrified at his too liberal offer. "But they are not alive," he added, "they are preserved in bottles;" upon which I brightened up, and gratefully accepted his offer. "And I," said another little boy, "can give you a preserved deaf-adder." For this kind offer I also expressed a due amount of gratitude. Another little boy volunteered to get me some native cat-skins, which I had seen in the form of tobacco-pouches at colonial bazaars. A little girl also said that she knew a boy who she was sure would give her a kangaroo-skin for me,

and another offered me some insects. Sad to say, I forgot, in my hurry, to remind my young friends of all their offers, and I did not get any of these native specimens, and had almost given up the idea of obtaining even the boomerang, as the little boy could not meet with his black friend.

However, the morning I embarked for England, just as the last cord was being tied round the last box, the garden-gate flew open, and a joyous-looking young girl bounded into the house, waving, triumphantly aloft, a boomerang. She had noticed from her balcony a party of "blacks" passing by,—had run after them, and purchased it from them. This native weapon is a piece of very hard curved wood, which the natives cut out of the root of a tree. It is a very deadly weapon in their hands. I believe they can dexterously strike down an animal or bird with the boomerang. It is curious to watch them throw it, as I have seen them do, sometimes, for the amuse-

ment of by-standers — and for what they can get. When they are not aiming at a particular object, they generally throw it so that it will return, and fall down at their feet. It first goes skimming along the surface of the ground, to some distance from them, and then rises into the air to a great height, and, in falling, revolves with tremendous rapidity, making a whizzing sound as it descends.

I did not happen to see the native weapon called a waddy, which appears to act as a kind of Cupid's bow; for, when a black man wants a wife, it is said (though I cannot vouch for this truth) that he sallies forth, waddy in hand, and commences beating the woman (or lubra) to whom he has given his heart, on her head, with the waddy, until he has all but beaten her brains out; and then she knows that there is no alternative but for her to accept of him as her lord and master. They are a barbarous race — these aborigines — and the

men treat the poor women as slaves, making them carry their burdens; not even allowing them to eat with them. The men fling bones to the women when they have thoroughly gorged themselves with the meat off them.

A lady of my acquaintance presented me with a lyre-bird's tail, which is a great curiosity—and very beautiful—in the exact shape of a lyre. The bird is, I believe, called by naturalists the native pheasant, but it is not quite so large as our English pheasant—nor yet so handsome. The natives call it *bulla-bulla*, from its call-note. The tail does not spread on the ground like that of a peacock, but stands up erect.

A squatter and his wife, hearing that I was going to England, sent me three magnificent emu's eggs. I was told by colonists, who had been trying for years in vain to get possession of an emu's egg, that I ought to consider this a very munificent present. These eggs are of a dark green

colour, of about the same hue as the darkest shade of malachite. The shell looks very handsome when made up into cups, ink-stands, the inside of tea-caddies, &c., and mounted in silver. They are only to be had from natives some hundred miles up the country, who are just civilised enough to know how to set a high price upon them. The emu is a species of ostrich; and, like that bird, can digest the hardest substance. A friend told me that he had seen one swallow a knife and a pair of scissors. They have curious fibre-like feathers, of a dark grey or brown, and their skin makes a handsome drawing-room rug. Up the country the emus are often hunted with dogs. They run—their wings acting as propellers—with wonderful velocity, and they can give a terrific blow with their beak. A youth of my acquaintance described the sport to me as most exciting, and appeared to think there was no fun in England to be compared with an emu hunt. Indeed, grown

men have told me that they much prefer the sports of Australia to those of England. There is more freedom, they say, and more country to go over; and, also, there are no gamekeepers lurking about to remind them that they are encroaching on forbidden ground should they accidentally overstep a Rubicon.

I wish I could describe a kangaroo hunt, which, I believe, is the most exciting of all colonial sports; but, as I never happened to see one, and almost forget the very graphic descriptions given to me of them by enthusiastic young Nimrods, I cannot venture to give an account of one of them.

I only know that the pleasing result of one of these great "meets" sometimes is, that a dashing young horseman may be seen cantering up to the garden gate on a fiery steed, with a kangaroo's tail three feet long, strapped to his saddle, which he politely presents, as a delicate little attention, to the lady of the house, for the manufacture

of soup: "kangaroo tail soup" being in high repute in the colony.

Other Australian specimens which were given to me consisted of a necklace, made by the natives, of small pieces of reed strung together, and a bracelet of shells (which ornaments the black men bedeck themselves with when they dance their Corrobborree —the native dance); a stuffed native bear; a duck-billed platypus, also stuffed, and several skins of colonial birds. The native bear is quite a different species to the huge animal we are accustomed to see climbing a pole in the Zoological Gardens. It is about the size of a lady's poodle, with ugly, shaggy fur, and lives in trees. The platypus is a curious kind of amphibious animal, found at the sides of creeks or rivers.

Some very young friends of mine, who were ardent lovers of sport, used to pay periodical visits to the Dandenong Ranges, about twenty miles from Melbourne, for the purpose of shooting opossums (which are

not unlike a rabbit, with the tail of a squirrel), parrots, &c. As they always had to camp out for a night or two, they just provided themselves with a blanket, and trusted to their sport for provisions; about which, being invariably in excellent appetite, they were not at all inclined to be particular.

They told me that they lived chiefly upon opossums, which to the epicure would be far from pleasant eating, but to these keen young sportsmen there was a romance in the idea of their very existence being dependent upon their own prowess which gave a fine flavour to this little animal. Their plan of cooking it was to bury it in some burning embers without taking the skin off; and, in due time, it came out beautifully singed, and in a high state of perfection for eating. The predominant flavour of the opossum is, I believe, that of peppermint, as it feeds very much upon the peppermint gum. Parrots, wattle-birds, and everything else that came in the way of

these youths, shared the same fate as the opossums, and went into the burning embers as soon as life was extinct, only that, I suppose, they plucked the birds before cooking them.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who was also very fond of "bushing it," but who, not being in his *'teens*, liked to do it as comfortably as possible, always carried his bed in his pocket on these occasions. This bed was described to me as made of india-rubber, in the shape of a bag, with a string drawn through it at one end, and it only required filling with air to make it most luxurious; so that when its owner felt tired, and "nature's sweet restorer" stealing softly o'er him, he gave one exulting, joyous bound into the recesses of the bag, then drew the string, and there, under the benignant shade of an eucalyptus-tree, gave himself up to happy dreams. How he arranged about his breathing, whether or not there was a species of windsail let in,

I do not know. I must not omit to say that I had another souvenir presented to me by a charming young colonial friend: this was an ingeniously cut pipe, made by himself out of the native honeysuckle-tree.

And now, let me add, there is another little specimen of the colony, which I should very much have liked to bring home to show my friends; one which would have interested and amused them more than any other native specimen possibly could do — I mean a little colonial born-and-bred boy or girl of British parentage. They are the most entertaining creatures imaginable, and, when not alarmingly precocious in intellect, are really quite bewitching.

"Life is but a giddy dream!" a little boy of four used to observe to me sometimes, whilst shaking his head to give force to the observation. He had wondrous powers of imitation, and he had heard his papa frequently make the same observation

in a serio-comic tone; and so he gave it exactly the same intonation, and seemed to try to look as if he had had full experience of what life was, and how strikingly it *did* resemble "a giddy dream." "Ah! how that 'minds me of my happy childhood!" he would also remark sometimes (because he had heard his father say it), and seemed to be trying to look as if those old days were long gone by, and the battle of life had already begun.

I (as well as his fond mother) laughed heartily one day when this same little boy, at the age of three, said to us at his dinner, in the critical tone of an epicure, "These are the nicest *baters* (potatoes) I ever tasted in the *corny*" (colony).

And these little colonial-born children are so agile, too, and can dance, with scarcely any instruction, with a grace and facility that would have astonished that celebrated professor, D'Egville, could he have witnessed them.

The little boy above named, if he could only get some one to play a Scotch reel, would go through a Highland dance just as he had seen it performed by his father, and also at the Caledonian gatherings; flying from end to end of the room, like a human rocket, springing, pirouetting, and flinging his limbs into all sorts of Scottish contortions, with frantic activity; and, having a perfect ear, imitating to perfection the short, sharp Highland shout, by way of encouraging his own exertions.

The colonial children appear also to be born with a genius for horsemanship. This same little child, at two years of age, rode his rocking-horse like an accomplished horseman (the late Mr. Assheton Smith could not have had a better seat), throwing himself back, and spurring the horse backwards and forwards, whilst scarcely touching the reins, in so reckless a manner that it quite terrified me until I became accustomed to it. At five years of age he was

(as a horseman) a match for anybody five times his age in the colony.

It was an amusing sight to see little children, as I once saw them, imitate the corrobborree of the natives. They were admirably dressed up to look like aborigines — their faces blackened and hair dishevelled, with blankets thrown over their shoulders. There was one little girl of two years of age who had a wonderful notion of performing this dance, and had caught to perfection the monotonous song which is chanted by the women whilst the men are dancing.

There are a great many children's parties given in Melbourne, and Christmas-trees are just as popular there as they are at home. On one occasion I helped to make one of these trees. My first step towards making it was to sally out on to the beach, provided with a servant and a saw, and to select and to superintend the cutting down of a well-proportioned tea-tree from the *scrub*

which grows so thickly near the sea. This, of course, did not look so well as an English fir, as it has a small, dull-looking leaf; however, we endeavoured to enhance its beauty by bedecking it with the brightest of Flags of all Nations, and with the usual amount of gay and glittering presents which are to be bought, of the most costly description, at the toy-warehouses in Melbourne. About fifty little boys and girls were assembled together on this occasion, from the age of two upwards. Those of the tender age of two had each a nurse in attendance upon them. Indeed, at the children's parties in Melbourne, there is generally a large body-guard of nursery-maids, who have sometimes much difficulty in trying to soothe and to keep their little charges in subjection.

My young friends will perceive that the little people in the colony begin to go out into society at a very early age. Though I was only three years and two months in

Australia, there were children born there after I arrived, who, before I left, were quite experienced little men and women—galloping and dancing with their partners as if they had been "out" for some years.

It is quite marvellous how quickly they jump from babyhood into maturity. I watched with great interest the growth of a little boy who was born in a house opposite to where we lived, soon after I arrived in the colony; the transition from one stage of life to another was startlingly rapid. In what appeared a very short time after I had seen him carried up and down the verandah in long-clothes, I noticed a fine boy (the baby) strutting about, slashing a whip, and looking just like a young "stock-driver." Again in a very short space of time this *baby* was independently running about flying a kite; and, who knows, but that this same infant of my recollection may be (and there is nothing more likely) at this mo-

ment (whilst you, kind and patient young readers, are perusing these details) galloping about the Bush at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, firmly seated on a buck-jumping horse!

CHAPTER XII.

A Visit up the Country — Cobb's Coaches — Skilful Driving — A Rough Journey — Scenery in Australia — The Bush — Trees — Wild Flowers — A beautiful Climber — Carisbrook — Avoca — Government Officers — Society in the Bush — A grand Gathering at Avoca — A Canvas Town — Chinamen — Their good Qualities — Chinese Theatricals — An Accident — Colonial Horses — Polite Diggers.

As I paid a visit of five months up the country, I was able to form some idea of life in the Bush and "on the diggings." It was in July, in the depth of winter, on a cold cutting day, that I set off on my travels, and it was on a "hot-wind" day in December, the beginning of the summer, that I returned to Melbourne.

The first part of my journey in July was

performed in great comfort and luxury for twenty-three miles, in a railway carriage set apart for ladies; but nearly all my other journeys were made in the celebrated *Mr. Cobb's* coaches. Nobody ever travels up the country by coach if he or she can possibly travel in any private conveyance; but in the event of not having a private carriage, or of friends up the country not being able to drive down a hundred miles to meet him or her, there is no alternative but to go by one of these coaches. But oh! the crushing, the misery, the suffocation of these public conveyances! I am sure that a journey in a penny-a-mile Government train from London to Edinburgh would be the very refinement of luxury as compared with a journey of thirty miles in Cobb's coach. These vehicles are licensed to carry far too many passengers—from forty to fifty, including those outside—inside, they hold from twelve to eighteen. I do not know how many inches are allotted to each

passenger; *I* fancied that only about fifteen fell to my share, but I may have been wrong in my calculation. I know that I was condensed into a smaller compass than I ever could have imagined possible. I occupied a seat with two others. There were three passengers in front of us leaning against a leathern strap, at the same time pressing upon us and keeping from us the pure air which was admitted through the windows. Just as I was ready to faint, a lady who sat next to me actually did so, which event somewhat roused me up, turning my thoughts from my own misery—and so I rallied.

But it is really ungrateful in me thus abusing Cobb's coaches, when I was only too happy to avail myself of them, to pay some long-desired visits to dear friends. And, besides, these coaches are admirable in their construction for getting safely over the rough ground; and gentlemen who travel outside do not find them so very

terrible. They are, I believe, built on the American plan, with leathern bands which act as springs, and the drivers of them are American—and very skilful drivers they are.

It struck me as rather a fine sight, to see one of these coaches, drawn by eight splendid horses, driven at full speed into the towns; indeed, I am sure that if any accomplished amateur whip, of Ascot or Newmarket renown, could witness the consummate grace and skill with which these coachmen pass their fingers through the reins, and, with one sonorous crack and slashing wave of their whip, dash off on their journeys, he would be lost in admiration at their prowess.

Some of the coaches, I may add, are much more airy, though less imposing in appearance than that I first travelled in—indeed, they are too airy; they have the appearance of great vans, and look as if the side windows and doors were cut out of them. It

is scarcely safe to occupy an end seat of one of these without holding fast, as the traveller might easily be jerked out. I believe it was in a coach of this kind that the fatal and melancholy accident happened to a young Government officer, who, on a very long journey having fallen asleep at night, was thrown out, and killed on the spot, to the great sorrow of his friends in the Government service, amongst whom he was a favourite.

The road as far as Castlemaine, which is seventy-three miles from Melbourne, is as good as any English road,—very different to what it was about six years ago. Since I left Australia the railroad has been opened as far (on the Castlemaine and Sandhurst road) as Woodend, which is about forty miles from Melbourne; and very soon, I believe, there will be a railroad open to Ballarat, one of the most important "diggings'" towns, containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The coach roads beyond

Castlemaine are still unmade, and rugged beyond description. Every few minutes, in my first rough journey through the Bush, I expected that we should come down with a grand crash; the wheels on one side were in deep abysses of mud, and, on the other side, amongst fallen branches of trees; now, we were dashing against old stumps, and now performing Highland flings over little rising hillocks; and it was marvellous to me with what dexterity the driver always managed, just as we appeared to be turning over on one piece of dangerous ground, to dash on to another in time to save us.

Different accounts have been written of the scenery in Australia; some writers have said that it is very fine, and others that there is not much to admire in it.

In my opinion the latter statement is the more correct one. It cannot certainly bear comparison with British scenery; at the same time, I must add that I have seen

some very pretty spots, and some very fine views in Australia; but whenever this happened to me, my first exclamation always was, "How very lovely! How very English!" Generally speaking, there is a monotony in the scenery of Australia which is wearisome to the eye. For miles and miles the traveller may see before him nothing but barren, arid-looking plains; or for miles and miles may have to travel through a dense forest, consisting principally of gum-trees—which forest, in Australia, is called the *Bush*. Some parts of the Bush have quite a park-like appearance.

There is one want in Australia, which must always be felt in a new country by the traveller who is in search of the picturesque: namely, the want of scenes, ruins, or edifices hallowed by a sense of antiquity.

The gum, or *eucalyptus* tree (of which the stringy and iron bark are species) is the principal forest-tree in Australia. The leaves of the gum are of a dull and sombre

hue. The prettiest tree I saw in the Bush was the native cherry-tree, botanically called *exocarpus*. It rather reminded me of the cypress, only its leaves are of a brighter green. The least attractive tree is, in my opinion, the *casuarina*, or she-oak, the leaves of which are nothing more than long fibres. I have seen a plantation full of these trees, (not intermixed with any others), adjoining a gentleman's house near Melbourne, and anything more sad and mournful-looking could not be imagined. I believe it was the wood-cutters who first gave the names to many of the Australian forest-trees, and they were guided by the colour and character of the wood. The natives make their boomerangs of the root of the she-oak, on account of its being excessively hard. I was charmed with the wild flowers of the forest in Australia. I have gathered in the Bush the most exquisite of bouquets, such as many artists would revel in painting, and which would grace a royal epergne.

These wild flowers are delicately small, so that they do not attract the eye in riding through the forest; at least, such was the case in those parts of the country which I happened to see. The yellow wattle-flower is, however, an exception to this rule, as it presents a very gay appearance, and also fills the air with its delicious perfume. The most beautiful flower which I saw in Australia was the *Clianthus Dampiera*, or Captain Sturt's desert pea,—not in the least like a pea, it being much more like a drooping cactus, only smaller. It hangs in clusters, and its colour is bright red, with a dark purple eye. This flower grew most luxuriantly in the gardens about Kyneton, as did every other native or British flower; this neighbourhood rejoices in a rich black soil —the only good soil I happened to see in Australia. In other neighbourhoods the soil always looked barren and baked up. I met a gentleman up the country who was extremely fond of the pursuit of horticulture,

and who had expended large sums of money upon his garden, for which he was rewarded with comparatively little result. He complained to me bitterly of the soil in his neighbourhood. "The fact is," he said, "excuse me for using the expression, but it is a *diabolical* soil." This gentleman had, however, the art of M. Robin, in conjuring up at a moment's notice very beautiful bouquets—which he distributed most impartially amongst the ladies—and the bouquets came out of the garden about which he was so desponding; he had also the loveliest climber that I ever saw, growing around his verandah. It was called the *Hardenbergia purpurea:* of this I brought home the seed, which is, I hope, already taking root in some of England's conservatories. The verandah was one blaze of brightest purple.

I believe that the soil in Victoria varies very much; in some parts it is so fertile as to produce two crops a-year; and as the

neighbourhood of Warnambool (which is a part of the country west of Melbourne) is called the garden of Victoria, I conclude that the best soil is in that district. The most luxuriant country I saw on my travels (and I went a hundred and twenty miles inland, as far as the Pyrenees) was in the vicinity of Kyneton. The two townships which most attracted my attention were Carisbrook and Avoca. The latter place is worthy of its name; especially when viewed from the cottage homes of the police-magistrate and warden of this pretty township.

Avoca rests almost at the foot of the Pyrenees range, which mountains are thickly wooded with lofty timber. It was after an unusually wet season that I visited this part of the country, and all nature looked green, which is rather remarkable in the aspect of Australian nature; however, as it appeared to me then, so is it for ever photographed in my memory, and coloured in the brightest of hues; as likewise are all the

pleasant days I spent amongst my friends up the country.

People who live in the Bush are very much more sociable, in the best acceptation of the word, than those who live in Melbourne. There is no ostentation in their *réunions*, and therefore they can afford to meet oftener. In the small "diggings'" towns, the Government officers, with their wives and families (if such they possess) chiefly make up the society of each township. These officers consist of a police-magistrate, a warden, a gold treasurer, a police-inspector, and a clerk of the sessions. There are always two or three banks in each town: these banks, of course, entail managers, which managers, as well as the Government officers, are, generally speaking, men of education. These Government appointments are very much sought after in the colony; and some of them are held by *ci-devant* barristers, or officers in the army or navy.

I must confess to having experienced something like amazement on one or two occasions, when, after being driven to some remote nook of the earth, I was ushered perhaps into a pretty, though rustic slab cottage—the roof formed of the stringy bark—or into a tiny one of red brick, and received by some lady or gentleman, whose gracious manners, charming suavity, and agreeable conversation, quite captivated me. Some of my entertainers had that unmistakeable air which betokens high lineage; or, at least, familiarity with the best European society. And very happy these appeared in their slab cottages (one gentleman had helped with his own hands to construct his particularly pretty home), with but a remote prospect of ever seeing again their native land. Still, this far-distant spot was "home, sweet home," to them, for they were surrounded by all whom they loved, and who were nearest and dearest to them on earth.

The principal duties of the wardens appeared to consist in settling quarrels amongst the diggers about their claims of land. Sometimes, too, they are called upon even to decide marital disputes. I happened to be staying at the house of a police-magistrate, who also was a warden, and scarcely a day passed without his being appealed to by some husband or wife for protection from violence, and also for his decision in all sorts of little domestic matters. This gentleman, I believe, owed many of these importunities to the fact of his possessing an unusual amount of unaffected philanthropy, and a peculiarly kind heart, which he had not been able to conceal from the multitude when performing his magisterial duties. One wintry night, when we were sitting at dinner, and the rain was pouring down violently, a light cart drove up hurriedly to the door, and a man sent in a note, begging for an immediate answer. This note—a most remark-

able production—was from a remorseful husband, in which he expressed great contrition because he had allowed his wife to be taken that day to the lock-up, as she had only stabbed him in a fit of passion, which he confessed to having provoked by his own ill-conduct; and he requested that the bearer might be allowed to bring her back to him. To this request, however, the magistrate could not accede; but he promised to give the case his full attention early on the following morning. This was only one of many domestic episodes which had occurred in my friend's experience, both as magistrate and warden.

All this, however, is a digression; and I will proceed to give an account of my pleasant visit at Avoca from the very starting point. It was on a fine October day, when it was neither too hot nor too cold to enjoy a drive of twenty miles in a dainty and luxurious open carriage, that I set off,

under the escort of two Government officers, and the wife of one of them, to pay a visit of three or four days at this pretty little township. It was rough Bush-road through which we drove—"the forest primeval;" and yet we had that mysterious whispering wire, the electric telegraph, to guide us on our way! I was much struck by seeing this proof of civilisation wherever I travelled, in the roughest of rough Bush-roads.

And what a gathering there was in the camp when we arrived! All the ladies and gentlemen who could be mustered from far and near had assembled together to celebrate the anniversary of a wedding-day. Great ingenuity had to be exercised to find beds for so many guests. The hospitalities were most impartially dispensed by two of the families on the camp. At each meal the party was formed into two divisions, as one cottage-table could not receive all together; and so we were moved about

in kaleidoscopic fashion,—a different, and yet most harmonious, change being made amongst the guests on each occasion; but we met together in the evening, "in sweet confusion blending." The first day we had a pic-nic to the river Avoca, the spot selected being a pleasant, park-like glade in the Bush. And such a show of carriages there was to convey thither the party, all bearing an unmistakeable stamp of Long Acre upon them! The pic-nic was pronounced a great success, as it could not fail to be on so joyous an occasion. A kangaroo-rat was hunted and caught (a little event in pic-nic routines); and the younger branches of the party distinguished themselves by running races, and by brilliant feats of leaping. In the evening, these younger guests being bent upon dancing —an exercise in which they rarely had the opportunity of indulging—it was proposed that the party should adjourn to the Court-house, the only available space for anything

like a quadrille or a polka. A piano was carried in by a group of merry Government officers, and placed upon the magistrate's bench; and a few of the ladies, myself included, undertook to perform the orchestral part, to the best of our ability. The *belle* of the evening—a charming Irish girl—not feeling much inclined to dance, took her seat in the prisoners' dock, and was kept there in safe custody by a body-guard of admirers, who were marshalled around her. At a rational hour the party broke up, and we walked bare-headed in procession across the camp to our respective quarters, without a fear of taking cold; the young ladies, who were dressed in pure vestal white, looked very lovely, with the moon pouring down her silver light upon them. It was a balmy and perfectly calm night, peculiar to Australia. Could a stranger have alighted there suddenly from the old country, he would, I am sure, have been struck by the picturesque character of the

scene; as it was, there were only the sentinels who were pacing up and down the Treasury to admire the effect, and they, doubtless, thoroughly enjoyed this little break in the monotony of their nightly watches.

Whilst I was at Avoca, I was taken to see a little "diggings'" canvas town, called Lamplough, to which there had been a great "rush:" however, when I saw it, it was nearly deserted for another "rush"—that of Inglewood. There was scarcely any other sound to be heard in the place, than the loud croaking of bull-frogs. There was one long High Street in this little township, and there were shops in it of every description, constructed of canvas. All around was dreary, barren-looking land, covered with gold-holes, which presented the melancholy appearance of many thousand graves. Scarcely a week passes without an inquest being held over the body of some unfortunate, neglected child, who has

fallen into one of these holes and been found drowned. I believe that the unhealthiness of the air, arising from the lack of drainage, is fearful at some of these populous "rushes." I pitied the unhappy Government officer who had to live in this place. There was nothing but desolation for the eye to rest upon.

I was much amused with some of the names given to small "diggings." I can only remember two of them which I heard in this district. One was, "Linger and die," and another, "Donkey woman flat;" but there were scores of other "diggings" with names equally original.

Whilst I was up the country I saw some thousands of my Celestial fellow-creatures. I believe there are about fifty thousand of them in Victoria, chiefly on the "diggings." Without understanding the political question as to whether the Chinese ought or ought not to be allowed to colonise, I came to the conclusion, in my own mind, that

they are a very much-abused race. They appeared to me to be quite a distinct class from, and much more harmless than, the cruel mandarins of whom we read. I must confess to having taken rather a fancy to the poor Chinamen. They seemed to be just as good-tempered as Englishmen are in general; indeed, if I may declare the truth, I thought that they betrayed more equanimity and meekness of disposition than do many of my own countrymen. They are patient and industrious, though not energetic, and they prefer settling down on those "diggings" which have been deserted by Europeans. The only crime with which I ever heard them charged was that of stealing—especially from poultry yards. They much delight in turkeys and geese, preferring them infinitely to meat; and in this they display their good taste, as the meat on the "diggings," in the hot weather, when eaten as soon as killed, must be far from palatable; and with regard to

their stealing propensities, what can be expected from these poor benighted creatures, unblessed with our religious advantages?

I was staying with some friends in the town of Maryborough, and just outside their garden were a few deserted gold-holes, to which three Chinamen came every day with their pickaxes and cradles. Now, when I saw the Celestials *en masse*, I could never distinguish one from another (just as bachelors cannot, for the life of them, tell one baby from another); however, I became each day more and more familiar with the faces of these Chinamen, and should know my three friends even now amongst a thousand of their countrymen.

It was my delight every morning to go out of the garden and watch these Celestials. From them I learned the whole process of alluvial digging, from beginning to end—the end being, that they deposited the few grains of gold which they had washed

into a wooden lucifer match-box, and carried it off in triumph to the gold-brokers to sell. Each morning, as I went out, we greeted each other with nods and smiles; and one of them became so much at his ease in my presence, that he used to make a shrill noise, which I supposed was meant for singing; his face would then expand into a broad grin of delight at his performance, and he would look at me as if he expected me to be much pleased; upon which I always, of course, assumed an exceedingly gratified expression of countenance. Nothing could exceed their good humour and civility; and if they saw me examining their cradle or other implements, they would leave their work and come and turn the things over for me, and show me the whole mechanism of them, seeming quite anxious that I should understand the uses of each. Indeed I thought, from the great deference they paid me, that they were under the delusion that I was a very

influential and important personage — probably some near relative to the sun or the moon — and I was therefore a little startled when one of them said to me, in very broken English, "Are you *stokkeeper?*" (storekeeper). I therefore concluded, from this question, that, as we got on so pleasantly together, he had made up his mind that he would patronise my shanty, and allow me to supply him with provisions!

I was amused at the great care the Chinamen appeared to take of their complexions or eyes. They always travel about with large cotton umbrellas. I have seen them holding them over their heads as they walked along in spring weather, when I could easily have dispensed with a parasol. Wherever these Celestials pitch their tents they erect a Joss-house, which is their place of worship. They are, I believe, particularly fond of tragedy. There is a Chinese travelling theatrical company which moves about from town to town. The perform-

ance takes place under a large round marquee. A gentleman, who had been led by curiosity to see what the Chinese drama was like, described it to me as the most extraordinary performance imaginable. The noise of the musical instruments and of the gong, which were playing the whole time, was, he said, deafening. The entire plot consisted in a father bewailing the loss of his daughter (whose head had been cut off); which he did by giving way to wild, shrill howls, which my friend kindly imitated to the best of his ability, in order to convey a correct idea of their tone. At the cottage where I was staying, we could hear this Chinese performance going on, though it was half a mile off.

It was whilst I was staying in Maryborough that I met with one of those accidents which are of such frequent occurrence in the Bush, and which often end fatally. Colonial horses do not go through the same course of training as that to which

our horses at home are subjected, and are not, I think, to be depended upon—at least not until they have passed their first youth. Perhaps the colonial air has the same excitable effect upon them that it often has on colonists. I will endeavour briefly to record this accident, that I may have the pleasure of introducing my readers to two good Samaritans in the garb of diggers, who were friends in need to my fellow-sufferer, as well as to myself.

I was driving in a white-chapel, with a lady and gentleman, through some very rough Bush-road, which also was full of gold-holes, when, one of our wheels striking against a tree-stump, the lady in front was thrown out, and her arm was broken and crushed beneath the wheel. The horse then took fright and ran away, and very soon dashed the vehicle against a tree, when I was thrown out with great violence, and so bruised and hurt as to cause me to be unrecognisable for the space of a fortnight;

but I have reason to be thankful that, owing to skilful treatment and the warmth of the climate, my injuries were not permanent. The gentleman of our party came off the best. As soon as I was able to raise my eyes, I perceived him with one scar upon his forehead, reclining gracefully against a gum-tree, looking as like melancholy Jaques as possible. The diggers, having seen the accident from a distance, ran promptly to our assistance. In the meantime the frantic horse had galloped, with one shaft dangling after it, to a neighbouring town three miles off, thereby causing frightful excitement amongst the inhabitants.

The diggers in a very few minutes had found a waggon, placed all the cushions at the bottom of it, and put horses into it, in order to convey us home. I was looking in despair at the great high waggon, and wondering how we could possibly get into it, when one of the diggers, with grace

equal, I am sure, to that which Sir Walter Raleigh displayed in spreading out that celebrated cloak for his queen, fell upon one knee, at the same time holding up the other to form a step by which we might mount. The wife of one of the men, happening to be on the spot, was placed in the waggon to take care of us. The other digger drove us over the rough road with so much care that we scarcely felt any motion at all. Whilst doing so he turned round, and in phrase of gentlest courtesy, though in broad dialect, said to us, "I could drive you home quicker, only that I fear it would shake you too much." A third digger, possessing as much active benevolence as the other two, but with less tact, had answered, when I asked him if I presented a very terrible appearance, "Oh! yes, ma'am, terrible; you are cut all to bits!" A nice cheerful little piece of intelligence for me to ponder over as I reclined in the waggon! However, we all felt that we had

reason to be deeply thankful that our lives had been spared.

I was talking over the accident with the wife of a squatter, and she assured me that she was so accustomed to being thrown out of her carriage that she thought nothing of it. Possibly an accident may be quite a lively little episode in the monotony of Bush-life to persons who always fall upon their feet; but to be thrown recklessly upon the most important feature of the face is, to say the least, unpleasant.

CHAPTER XIII.

Castlemaine—Pretty Rides—A Memorable Journey —Studying Life—A Murder and its Discovery —Sandhurst—Kyneton—Piper Street—The Houses—Salubrity of Kyneton—A Model Clergyman—Grand Bazaar—Energetic and Accomplished Bachelors—An Heroic Young Lady—Schools in Kyneton—A Model Lady's School—Beauty of the Neighbourhood—Mount Macedon —Grand Picnic on St. Andrew's Day—Dryden's Rock—Chivalry *par excellence*—A Cavalcade at Sunset—Good Horsemanship—A Few Days in the Forest—The Laughing Jackass—Musical Magpies—Delights of Forest Life—Sad Recollections of leaving Piper Street.

THE two most important "diggings'" towns I saw were Castlemaine (the population of which is about fifteen thousand) and Sandhurst—which contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Castlemaine is a

very picturesque town. The friend with whom I was staying said that it bore a slight resemblance to Tunbridge Wells. There are some very pretty rides around the town through Bush scenery. One ride which I took to the Eureka and Fryer's Creek particularly charmed me, and reminded me of the scenery in Cornwall (only that the foliage is so much more sombre). Strange to say, when I made this remark to my host, with whom I was riding, he told me that nearly all the men working about this spot were Cornish. There is a large colony of Chinamen in Castlemaine; they all live in one vicinity of the town, and this presents quite a Chinese aspect, the houses being bedizened with strange devices, and with coloured lamps hanging outside of them. The gentleman at whose house I was staying told me that it was quite worth while to take a walk at night through that part of the town, as, with a little stretch of imagination, one might fancy oneself in

the Celestial Empire. So one soft balmy evening we started off on an exploring expedition. The coloured lamps being lighted, looked very gay down each side of the street, and the rooms also being lighted, we could see the Chinamen at their different occupations — some eating, and some engraving most ingeniously on wood, without any pattern before them. Broad good humour was depicted on every countenance. I thought what a pity it was that such intelligent-looking people were not Christians.

The most memorable of all my journeys in Cobb's coaches was on a "hot-wind" day, in the month of November, from Castlemaine to Sandhurst. The coach was one of the handsomest and roomiest of its kind — imposing to look at, but terrible to travel in. I had, however, screwed up my courage, and was resigned — and ought even to have been pleased — for, amongst the various studies, in the shape of passen-

gers (which I always made of my coach fellow-travellers whilst looking imperturbably solemn, as if I saw nothing), were two Chinamen, those especial objects of interest to me! Outside, suspended from the top of the coach, was a dead snake, which had recently been rendered harmless by having its back broken, and which now only shook its head occasionally at us through the window; and a dust-storm—a real "Brickfielder"—was blowing, so that the face of vegetable nature was completely hidden from my view. I had nothing, then, to do but to study human nature, which was before me; and, with memory for my Pickwickian tablets, I made memoranda wherewith I hoped to entertain my friends at the journey's end.

Amongst the passengers there appeared to be one or two respectable-looking engaged couples, who were making very tender speeches to each other, greatly to the amusement of one of the Chinamen, who

was evidently a good linguist, for each of these pretty speeches he interpreted to his countrymen; and then they both laughed hilariously. I was more than ever struck with John Chinaman's perfect good-temper and meekness. Whenever the passengers wanted anything done, they ordered John to do it. "Open the door, John!" said one woman; "Put down that blind!" said another; "Shut that window!" said a third; and each time he obeyed promptly. At last, by way of trying John's patience to the uttermost extent, a frolicsome young man, who sat behind him, began to pull his pig-tail, and taking out a pen-knife pretended that he was going to cut it off. Now a Chinaman loves his pig-tail better than his life; it is a badge of honour and respectability, and if he returned to his country without it he would be tabooed and scouted. Well, poor John stuck to his pig-tail, clenching it in his hands with all his might: he never lost his

temper, though he looked terribly frightened, and at the same time tried to smile. At length his persecutor relented, much to poor John's relief, and to my own also, as I could not bear to see the poor fellow's nerves so uselessly upset.

The road was particularly rough on this journey, and our eight spanking horses went dashing along at such a furious pace, that at first I felt alarmed, for we jolted up and down just like babies in a baby-jumper; but as I noticed that the higher we were tossed the more my fellow-travellers seemed inclined to smile, I grew courageous; especially as the exercise is not unpleasant, the springs being well constructed.

As we were driving along the road a few miles from Sandhurst (when the dust-storm had subsided), a passenger pointed out to me a little canvas hut, where he said the "Big Hill murder" had been committed. This event was just then creating a great

sensation amongst the Government officers up the country. The discovery of the perpetrator of the deed had proved how, in the most extraordinary and unlooked-for way, "murder will out." The Big Hill is near the new line of railway on which the murderer and his victim were, I believe, employed, and it is supposed that the one, from a feeling of jealousy towards the other, was led to commit the crime. The unfortunate victim and his wife were sitting after dark in their canvas hut, when the husband heard a noise, and went outside to see the cause of it. He was instantly shot dead. Dr. Hunt of Sandhurst examined the body and extracted from it a bullet enveloped in newspaper. Suspicion having fallen, from the first, upon the murderer, the detectives, who are a most efficient corps (from the indefatigable and greatly-esteemed detective officer in Melbourne downwards), searched the man's cabin, and found therein a piece of newspaper which exactly corresponded

with and fitted into the piece found round the bullet. They also discovered a number of fire-arms, one of which had been recently discharged. The man was found guilty of murder, and condemned accordingly; but, because it was merely circumstantial evidence, and as there were some discrepancies in the statements of witnesses, the sentence of death was remitted.

There is nothing to admire in the town and neighbourhood of Sandhurst. It looked to me just as dreary as Castlemaine looked pleasant. *Pall Mall*—the leading street in the town—is not worthy of its name. A neat stone church, which has cost rather a large sum of money, has been built here; but unfortunately its roof is too high, and is said to be too heavy for the rest of the building, and has once, in a gale of wind, threatened to give way. During the Sunday morning service which I attended, I noticed that there was a very small congregation, and also that a lady was taken

hurriedly out of church. It was explained to me afterwards, that, though the roof had been well looked to and propped, still some of the timid members of the congregation were in constant fear whenever the wind rose.

I asked why they did not build another church, or take the roof of the present one down and alter its construction. "The funds could not be raised," was the answer. And yet there are rich mine-holders who might amongst them, I should imagine, build up scores of churches, and not feel impoverished. But in the colony, generally speaking, churches appear to be the least objects of interest to those who have amassed great wealth, at which so many (but there are noble exceptions) grasp to the neglect of all religious duties. Worldly pleasures very often invade the hours and seasons of devotion. And yet the future character of the colony, collectively and individually, may depend upon the reverence which is paid to religion.

For my part, I cannot, as some do, predict a future greatness for Australia, unless, through some Providential agency, great changes take place in many respects, and it becomes a rule, and not an exception, with the people to attend public worship. Many of those who are settled in the colony have, doubtless, had some sort of early religious training, and yet how many have grown reckless and neglectful of all duties! What, therefore, can be expected from those children who are growing up, untaught by holy precept, and with, sometimes, pernicious example before their eyes?

Amongst the towns which I visited, the next of importance, after Sandhurst and Castlemaine, was Kyneton, which town is fifty miles from Melbourne. This is a purely agricultural district. The town itself has no pretension to beauty. It is straggling, and contains one very long street (the *fashionable* street of the town),

which consists of handsome shops and banks; and the name of this leading street is neither High Street, nor Queen Street, nor Regent Street, nor any other hackneyed name familiar to the old world, but it rejoices in the name of *Piper!*—thereby immortalising the founder of the street, Mr. Piper. He must have been a daring and vain-glorious man. I always thought of "Peter Piper"—one of the earliest of my nursery heroes—when I entered that street.

"I *must* take you down Piper Street," said a friend, the day after I arrived in Kyneton; "we shall meet all the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood there." I was astonished and charmed with some of the gentlemen's houses in and about this town. They are built chiefly of blue-stone, many of them with rooms spacious and lofty as those of town-houses at home; and they are, I should think, quite impervious to heat. Indeed, the inhabitants of

Kyneton do not complain much of the heat, the air here being peculiarly keen and bracing; and, in the winter, they have sometimes even a slight touch of frost. This place has been called the Cheltenham of Victoria, as many medical men send their patients here to recruit.

At Kyneton I met with that which is uncommon in Australia, namely, a clergyman who (with his excellent and charming wife) was greatly beloved by his congregation, to each member of which he was personally known. I could perceive the influence of this good man pervading the whole tone of society in Kyneton, from the highest to the lowest class. Since my return home I have heard of his removal to Melbourne, where he will have a wider sphere of usefulness.

A grand bazaar took place for the benefit of the church whilst I was staying here, into the spirit of which the incumbent and his wife entered heart and soul, inspiring

the whole district with zeal and energy. Munificent contributions were sent from the ladies' schools and the shops, and the carpenters and work-people gave their labour *gratis* for this good cause. Even gay and volatile bachelors were induced to strain every nerve on the occasion: the labours of one in particular, a distinguished amateur artist, shone out conspicuously on the walls of the building in which the bazaar was held. The result was, that an unusually large sum of money was raised, for which the clergyman thanked his congregation from his pulpit the following Sunday.

Let me add, that, at the suggestion of an heroic young lady on the committee, the bazaar was decorated with the Garibaldi colours; the utmost taste was displayed in every arrangement, and the *tout ensemble* elicited intense admiration from the many appreciating visitors who attended.

In consequence of the extreme salubrity of Kyneton, two or three girls' and boys' schools have been established in it with much success. One of these schools, which is kept by a married lady, is spoken of in the very highest terms by the parents of her pupils; indeed, one parent went so far as to assert that there was no school in England in which he would so willingly place his daughters. The head of this establishment is one of the most charming ladies in the colony. I believe she first commenced with one or two select pupils, not only to increase her income, but because she liked the society of young people. She certainly has a genius for imparting knowledge in an agreeable manner; and is altogether as unlike as possible to some of those ladies at the sight of whom one instinctively shudders at the idea of buckram and back-boards. Indeed, the establishment is much more like that of a happy and loving family than the generally

formal thing—a Ladies' Seminary. This lady keeps her pupils select, which in Australia almost verges on the impossible. She has the daughters of the highest class in the colony placed under her care, and is well fitted to educate them.

The country all about Kyneton is very English. Mount Macedon, which is three thousand feet high, is situated a few miles off. It is chiefly covered with the blue gum-tree. This mountain answers the purpose of a weather-glass to the Kynetonians. "Can you see the mountain?" was the first question asked me by a young friend with whom I was staying, each morning as, during very wet weather, I looked out of the window. "If you can, the day will be fine, but if it be all in a mist, it is hopeless;" and her prophecy was invariably correct. Mount Macedon is easily accessible on horseback, and many are the riding parties that have climbed its summit, and enjoyed there what young

people of both sexes consider the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment—a pic-nic.

It has been the custom of late years in Kyneton to have a grand annual pic-nic upon St. Andrew's day. Great respect is paid to St. Andrew in Australia, there being a large population of Caledonians in the colony; and it also happens that some of the principal bachelors in Kyneton are Scotchmen.

This great annual event—given by the bachelors of Kyneton—came off whilst I was there; and so I had an opportunity of seeing the prettiest sight I saw in the colony. The scene of the pic-nic was at a most romantic spot in the Bush, called Dryden's Rock, the property of one of the bachelors—distant seven or eight miles from Kyneton. Some thirty of the ladies and gentlemen rode to it on horseback, and the rest followed in carriages. Here, again, I was reminded of Europe, for the Rock, which stood on an eminence, looked

in the distance not unlike an old feudal castle: on a nearer approach it appeared to be formed of perpendicular stones, which in regularity resembled the Giant's Causeway.

Such is the gallantry of bachelors up the country in Australia, that the two youngest of our entertainers had actually travelled to Melbourne in order to procure the choicest fruits that could be had in that market; and these two young men had even had the wondrous consideration to provide a portable wash-hand stand, towels, and a piece of ambrosial soap (this is the only word I can think of to define its superfine quality) for the luxury and refreshment of the ladies. I think this will be acknowledged (by my astonished readers) to be the highest point of gallantry on record in any known civilised country?

May these two chivalrous young bachelors meet with wives deserving of them! I should be happy indeed if this humble tes-

timonial of mine could achieve for them such great felicity.

I shall never forget my drive home at sunset from the scene of the pic-nic. Since my accident I had grown timid, and was thankful to obtain a seat in the steadiest and most jog-trot conveyance of the whole *cortége*. I sat facing the cavalcade, lost in admiration of the picture before me. Lovely ladies, well mounted, all bathed in one flood of fire—the roseate light enhancing their beauty—and horsemen, were vieing with each other in equestrian feats; leaping over every fence or fallen tree with as much ease and grace as I ever saw displayed by the most accomplished hunter or huntress at home. Altogether, the picture before me carried me back in imagination to tales of *merrie England in olden times*—and certainly struck me more than did anything approaching to pageantry I ever saw in Melbourne.

Whilst I was spending a few days in the

Bush, near Kyneton, I heard the laughing jackass, which is, I believe, from its regular habits, called the Bushman's clock, and is a deadly enemy to the snake tribes. It is, therefore, unmolested, and regarded as sacred.

The first time I heard it, if I had not been told that I was listening to the laughing jackass, I might easily have imagined that the sound issued from some scene of merriment—after the humorous speech of a bachelor, for instance, who had been returning thanks for the ladies.

But of all the birds which I saw, or heard, in Australia, the native magpie, with its full, beautiful, flute-like note, pleased me the most. It was my delight to go out and seat myself on a fallen tree, a pleasant book in hand, and enjoy the magpies' *matinées musicales*. In scores, and with perfect *nonchalance*, they strutted round me whilst they performed beautiful musical recitatives. There was evidently

a perfect understanding amongst them—their voices never ceased, and harmony prevailed. I was actually almost unpatriotic enough to admire their melody more than that of our home-birds. I think that the feathered tribe of Australia has been very much calumniated. The first time I rode through the Bush I expected, from what I had read, that, instead of the carolling, joyous sound, so pleasant to the ear in a ride through English woods, there would be a death-like stillness; but, to my surprise, though the smaller birds did not sing as do our home-songsters, there was a constant, cheery, carolling sound going on amongst the gum-trees. I did not go far enough up the country to see any of the handsome king-parrots, with green feathers and scarlet breasts, or flocks of cockatoos, but I saw the pretty green paroquets continually flying about in pairs.

I was much pleased with the novelty

of living in a forest, the perfect stillness of which was only broken by the plaintive voices of birds, and occasionally by the distant sound of bullock-drays (I have seen twenty bullocks drawing one dray). I felt as if I should never tire of forest-life, —although I must here confess that indoors, during my enjoyment of it, I was not insensible to the comforts of an English home, which had been transplanted into the midst of these primeval scenes.

This visit was the last amongst my experiences of Bush life; and it was with a feeling of sadness that I waved a last adieu from the window of Cobb's coach, as it started from *Piper Street* for Melbourne; knowing that, in all human probability, there were many of my Bush friends whom I should never meet again, in this world; though in these days of locomotion, of steam, and of electricity,—when the old prophecy is fulfilled, and "men run to and fro upon the earth," who need

say a last "Adieu?" Ten years since the idea of paying a visit to the Antipodes had never entered my imagination.

And here I may say, that people who stay at home can scarcely imagine how pleasant the world at large is.

In Australia, I met with a gentleman who had spent the greater part of his life in the Sandwich Islands; and he spoke with as much affection of these islands, and of the charming people who inhabit them, as though there were no dearer or more enchanting spot on earth—excepting, indeed, his own native land—"Caledonia, stern and wild,"—to the memory of which he still fondly clung.

CHAPTER XIV.

Emigration—Who should and who should not Emigrate—Australia a Last Resource for Spendthrifts—Disappointment, Misery, and Destitution—Seeking Solace in Strong Drinks—Unhappy Wives—Youths sent to the Colony—Advice to Parents—Reverses of Fortune—A Nobleman in Disguise—Reduced Ladies—A Sad Rencontre—An Energetic Shopkeeper—An Italian White-mouse Boy—Professional Men—A French Dressmaker—A West-End Waiter—Fine Openings in the Colony—New Zealand—Queensland—Tasmania—A Trip to Australia recommended for Health—Letters of Introduction—Exploration Party—Review on Werribee Plains—Wonderful Volunteers—Colonel Pitt—Farewell to Australia.

I DO not pretend to understand the political question of emigration. I was well acquainted with the Emigration Commissioner, or Agent (who, be it recorded,

gave some of the best musical parties in Melbourne), but I never happened to hear the subject discussed by him. I believe emigrants are still wanted, such as agriculturists, agricultural labourers, mechanics, stonemasons; but, with regard to other classes, it always struck me that the colony could well dispense with hundreds, if not tens of hundreds, of its present inhabitants. The population of Victoria is 500,000, but the number of those who are earning, or who are in the enjoyment of, a comfortable subsistence, falls very far short of this calculation—simply because many of those who have emigrated are exactly the kind of people who are not wanted in the colony.

Australia appears to be the *dernier ressort* of idlers, spendthrifts, gamblers, and those unfortunates to be found in all classes of society, from the educated gentleman down to the very lowest grade, who are afflicted with that "fatal facility" for

drinking poisoning drinks—"putting an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains,"—which entails a terrific train of consequences.

I believe that every worn-out gentleman, and every young man who can read, write, and calculate, expect, when they arrive in the colony, that they will be eagerly sought after, and at once have a good appointment or situation thrust upon them. But bitterly are such as these disappointed, and soon many of them, having no resources of their own, are reduced almost to starvation, being neither able nor willing to take to any employment in which they consider that it would be beneath their dignity to engage.

Never without a pang of regret did I watch those noble clipper-ships entering Port Philip Harbour, freighted with hopeful human beings,—for I knew that their expectations might be soon changed into despair. Never in my life did I hear so many heart-

rending tales of misery as in the three years I spent in Australia. Misery enough there is at home; but destitution, as a general rule, there prevails amongst those who—so to speak—born to it, are not ashamed to beg. In Australia, on the contrary, the direst misery is to be found amongst a better class—amongst men and women who have been delicately nurtured and accustomed to comparative affluence. Husbands, who have been disappointed and disheartened on their first arrival, have sought solace in ardent spirits, and have thus involved themselves deeper and deeper in difficulties; or, worse than all, deeper and deeper into an abyss of dishonour and vice;—for the billiard-table and the race-course offer temptations to the emigrant. And their poor, hapless wives! What a life fraught with anguish and despair has it been for many of them! I have heard, I say, tales of mental and physical colonial

martyrdom the like of which I have never heard in England.

And then there are youths innumerable, from the age of eighteen to three-and-twenty, who are sent out to the colony by their parents in order to redeem their misspent lives. A sad and terrible mistake! In nine cases out of ten, it is only tantamount to sending them to destruction and to an early grave.

I declare solemnly that, rather than have any youthful relative of my own whose habits and principles were not of the very best, "condemned to stem the world's rude tide" alone, unmarried, and without friends in the colony, exposed to temptations whose name is Legion, I would prefer seeing him earning a livelihood by driving the plough, or even by breaking stones on the road for the rest of his life, provided he, by this means, preserved his integrity. No sooner do these poor youths set their feet in Mel-

bourne than there are nets spread to entrap and rob them of their little all, by men called "loafers," who are ever prowling about seeking whom they may devour.

Parents! if you have wild, unsteady, reckless, and hot-headed boys, who are devoid of purpose and energy, and easily led for good or for evil—yet generous to a fault, and who glory in being munificent—like a monarch bestowing *largesse*—do not, if you cannot provide at home for such, trust them in Australia. Send out, rather, the boy who possesses none of these characteristics—the one who is prudent and cautious, who knows the value of a sixpence, who has self-reliance, self-denial, perseverance, and that kind of genius which has been defined as "common sense intensified, or, the power of making efforts." Seldom is a youth endowed with these qualities! Still, none ought to go out to

the colony until they have acquired confirmed good habits and principles.

Soon after I arrived in England, a gentleman called upon me to ask me, as a favour, to give to a youth of the age of eighteen a letter of introduction to my friends in Melbourne. It appeared that this youth had thrown up, from pique, a good Government appointment, of between one and two hundred a-year, and was now going out, penniless and friendless, in the hope of getting on in Australia. I was greatly distressed at being asked this favour, knowing what disappointment awaited the young man if he were buoyed up with the hope that a letter of introduction would be of any service to him. I explained to his friend how useless it would be, and how those to whom I could give an introduction had already scores of candidates on their lists. However, being still much pressed, I at length wrote this letter, though I

entreated that the youth's friends might, if possible, be dissuaded from sending him, as I could hold out no hope for him. It was, therefore, with pain that I soon afterwards received a grateful note, from a relative of this poor youth, thanking me for my kindness, for I felt that it would have been much kinder in me had I declined giving a letter at all, could I have had the strength of mind to do so.

And the difficulty of getting appointments or situations in the colony will, I should think, increase annually. There is now a young generation growing up in Australia, whose parents have a good position there, and who will naturally have a prior claim on the country to strangers. I knew several youths who had gone out ten years before, as mere children, and who, under the watchful eye of parents, had grown up steady, and were already earning small salaries, with the prospect of doing still better for themselves. And there were

gentlemen too, who, having been patiently waiting, and doing what they could to support themselves, were only just reaping their reward, and receiving Government appointments. And yet emigrants are still arriving out in the colony, buoyed up with the vain, delusive hope that, because they have an introduction to the Colonial Governor, or Chief Secretary, or others, (which introductions are valueless), they will be sure to receive some appointment on their arrival in Melbourne. Numberless were the instances which came to my knowledge of men of good birth and education, who were almost reduced to starvation; of others who, through intemperance, were on the highroad to self-destruction; and of others again who were earning a subsistence by menial employment. I was informed by one of the best authorities in Melbourne, that he knew personally one—a gentleman by birth—who was earning his bread by working as

a common bricklayer, though he was nearly related to six peers in the House of Lords. Being aware of the fact that rank and education had shielded themselves beneath the humblest garb, I rather piqued myself upon my skill in detecting them disguised, it may be, as an omnibus-driver, or perhaps a common labourer. Once we hired a gardener for a few days to weed the garden. From his manner and appearance I felt sure that he was not born to this occupation, and, as he had somewhat the aspect of a Scotchman, I enlivened the family circle by suggesting that he was possibly of noble birth,—a Scotch peer in disguise,—or some gentleman who had fallen haplessly down the social ladder. I was strengthened in my opinion when his account came in. It was in one of the most finished of hand-writings, and it bore the signature neither of Brown, Jones, nor Robinson, but of an exceedingly high-sounding patronymic, worthy of a hero of romance.

It would fill volumes to tell all the sad tales I heard in the colony of gentlemen reduced to penury, but their misery had been often brought about by either their own recklessness, or inability to bend to circumstances; but still more harrowing were the tales of suffering women—of some who had gone out as wives, or who had been married in the colony, and of others who, having been left destitute in the Old World, had emigrated with the intention of earning a livelihood amongst strangers, because they had not courage to do so amongst their acquaintance at home. I met with many poor women of this description: one, in particular, interested me greatly. She kept a toy and fancy-work shop, taught fancy-work, and also was compelled to do her own household work, not being able to keep a servant,—at least, she could only afford to hire occasionally a very youthful little charwoman. This poor lady could not make up her mind to place her

name over her shop, and so, in our family circle, she went by the name of "the reduced lady." I never went out with my little nephew without his begging me to go to the "'duced lady's;" and many were the toys this little boy came in for, in consequence of the interest which his fond parents felt in her. Indeed, his father daily passed unflinchingly by the most tempting toy-shops in Collins Street, and went out of his way to buy from "the reduced lady." He, thereby, combined a deed of charity with the pleasure of gratifying an idolised child. This lady once told me that, in the course of about a week, twelve other ladies (who had been brought up in affluence at home) had applied to her, begging her to obtain plain work for them. One of these, she said, was the widow of an officer in the army.

And, one day, one of our Irish servants returned home, breathless with excitement, for she had just met with a very great

surprise and shock to her feelings. Two shabbily-dressed ladies had accosted her, whom she did not at first recognise,—so worn, and haggard, and changed were they since she had known them at home. It appeared that they were the daughters of an officer, who had died and left them almost destitute. They had come out to Australia, hoping to be able to earn a subsistence, and were now desirous of taking in plain sewing, as they had settled down in North Melbourne,—a locality so drear, and dusty, and sad,—so scorching in summer and so bleak in winter,—that I never passed through it without a sense of unutterable depression, and heaving a sigh for Old England. "Oh, ma'am," our servant said, "it made my heart bleed to see them looking so piteous, when I remembered them, gay and beautiful, as they rode up on horseback to join our young ladies in riding or hunting parties!" These ladies had asked her if she could procure

any plain work for them; and such was the delicacy and kind-heartedness of the Irish woman, that she at once had made up her mind to take them some work to do for herself and fellow-servants, but not to tell them from what source it came.

Another anecdote which I heard was of a woman, who had been in good circumstances at home, but whose husband, an educated man, was disabled from different causes. In despair, she had procured a cart and pony, and every morning she was up by daylight, driving to the Melbourne market, where she laid in a store of vegetables and fruit, and then went round the country to sell them. And many other sad tales I heard. Indeed, I scarcely know whether, during my residence in Australia, I heard more instances of woman's vanity and recklessness, than of her devotion, self-sacrifice, and constancy. But, at all events, I was more inclined to believe the latter.

It is pleasant to turn from these chronicles of unsuccessful colonists to those of men who, through self-reliance, integrity, and indomitable perseverance, have, from small beginnings, attained great wealth.

I was informed that one of the principal shopkeepers in Melbourne, who now has his country-house, and is surrounded by every luxury which wealth can buy, emigrated with only one hundred pounds in his pocket. He first went up to the "diggings," where he made a few more hundred pounds; he then set up a small shop in Melbourne, which flourished, and, by degrees, he made himself what he now is. And many there, who are now of some importance, have worked their way from a humble position, —having, perhaps, little thought, some twelve years ago, before the gold was discovered, that they would soon be luxuriating in softly-cushioned carriages, drawn by beautifully-caparisoned horses, and with, perhaps, M.L.A., or M.L.C., or other sono-

rous letters, attached to their names. An Italian-looking villa was pointed out to me one day in South Yarra (a suburb of Melbourne), which, I was told, had been built by an Italian, who had come out in early youth as a "*white-mouse boy!*" This rather surprised me, as Italian habits of life are opposed to those of the diggings; and I imagined that they had too much of the *dolce far niente* about them to be enterprising. However, I suppose this poor boy possessed to some extent "the power of making efforts," and, taking for his motto, "Che va piano, va longano, e va lontano," had worked his way by small degrees.

I remember hearing a conversation between the captain of a ship and a passenger whom he had taken out to Melbourne nine years ago. "How many," said the latter, "of those second-cabin emigrants are now rolling about Melbourne in their luxurious carriages, and how many of the saloon

passengers have been reduced to the lowest ebb of misery!"

It has often been said, and most true it is, that those who would do well at home are just those who may do well, and possibly better, in the colony, should Fortune favour them; as they might have opportunities in Australia which would not present themselves at home.

Again, those who cannot get on at home, owing to their own want of purpose and energy, are still less likely to get on in the colony. There are opportunities of success as great as there were ten years ago for the enterprising, for those who are sharp to discern opportunities and to profit by them, who have invincible determination, great energy of purpose, patience, and self-denial.

With regard to professional men of all sorts Melbourne appears to be at present overrun with them. Lawyers and medical men literally swarm like—what shall I

say?—mosquitoes! Teachers of every description likewise abound, so that there is no opening for mediocrity in any of these professions. Still, talent, with energy, will generally make its way; and those who feel, as did Sheridan before he made his great speech, that they *have it in them and it shall come out*, would doubtless succeed in any of these professions.

With regard to the medical profession, I certainly think that such men as *Sir James Clarke*, *Dr. Jenner*, *Mr. Stone*, and *Mr. Bowman*, would be acquisitions in Melbourne; but then I do not think that they would get so well remunerated for their labours as in London. It struck me very much that the medical men in the colony had rather a hard life of it, and were not proportionably well paid, as in England, taking into account the enormous house-rent in Melbourne, and the expense of keeping there any kind of vehicle.

Let me, then, entreat all who are con-

templating emigration to be cautious, and to weigh well the *pros* and *cons* of the subject before deciding to weigh anchor. How many have I met in Australia who bitterly regretted that they had

"Left the happy fields that smile around the village of Content,
And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of Ambition.

In every class I met with disappointment. A poor French dressmaker whom we employed never ceased to lament to us that she had emigrated. She had been once, I believe, maid to some member of the French ex-royal family; then in a nobleman's family in England; and afterwards she had had a good West-end business in London. Her husband had been steward to some nobleman; but when they arrived in the colony, he either would not or could not get any employment for a very long time; this poor woman had therefore much difficulty in earning a subsistence for her-

self, husband, and child, as she was obliged to live in an unexpensive, out-of-the-way part of the town, and so was little known.

One of the most interesting autograph books I ever looked through, was sent for our perusal by an old man whom we sometimes employed as waiter.

The autographs were partly testimonials, and partly a collection of notes, which he had received when he was head waiter at (I think) Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street. Many of the notes were from Lord Melbourne, as well as from other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen. This waiter had evidently been a prime favourite, and regarded as thoroughly well-principled. The poor man, finding he could not earn a livelihood in Melbourne by going out as a waiter, was, at the time he sent us these testimonials, trying to get a subordinate situation in the Parliament-house.

Many people of this description have gone out to Australia on hearing of the

gold discovery, in the hope that they would pick up nuggets—that the very act of landing in the colony would be an "*open sesame*" to a life of delicious ease. Dreams of luxury and of banqueting on colonial gold-fields have filled many minds with illusive expectations, which have ended in bitter disappointment and in terrible disaster.

Let nobody venture to leave his own country for Australia in the vain expectation of there finding the philosopher's stone. There is another class of people who, for their peace of mind, had much better not go out to the colony, namely, fastidious and too-sensitive gentlemen, who cannot bear the jostling of the world and the mixing with many classes. Let none such go out, unless, indeed, they have a prospect of being independent in circumstances, so that they can, to some extent, choose their own acquaintance. Many a gentleman have I seen apparently writhing in agony when some well-to-do architect of his own fortunes has

gone up to him and given him a friendly blow on the shoulder, at the same time gaily and familiarly addressing him by his surname alone; I have felt for the suffering inflicted by this rude contact, though well is it for the man of refinement if he have only too much friendliness to complain of in the colony!

And broken-down, worn-out gentlemen, with exhausted energies, had also far better remain at home than go out in the hope of obtaining in Australia anything like a sinecure. There are already too many of this unhappy class. It is sad sometimes to see in the streets of Melbourne young men who ought to be rejoicing in their energy and strength, but yet who, wearied and discouraged, are dragging along with enfeebled limbs—apparently maintaining as weak a hold on existence as the last autumnal leaf which flutters on its branch, soon to be carried away by the passing wind.

There are some fine openings in the

Australian colonies for young men who have a taste for country life, and who have small capitals wherewith to purchase "runs" or stations. A squatter's or agriculturist's life appeared to me to be far the happiest and healthiest that a young man could lead in the colony. When I left Australia, New Zealand was more in favour as a squatting country than Victoria. The good old days for making fortunes by squatting in Victoria were, by some, said to be past and gone—never to be recalled, in consequence (but I fear to betray my ignorance) of the Land Question being settled, or very nearly so. Many persons were migrating from Victoria to the Otago and Canterbury settlements in New Zealand.

Queensland—formerly called Moreton Bay—appears to offer the greatest inducements for emigration, both to small capitalists, and to young men without any means at all. This colony was separated from New South Wales in 1859, and is said to

be the most productive in wool of any country in the world.

This is the colony, too, which (it is proposed) is to grow all the cotton, in order to render us somewhat independent of our Transatlantic brethren. Queensland embraces the whole north-eastern portion of the Australian continent, and consequently has almost a tropical climate, which makes it less salubrious than other Australian colonies. A squatter from Queensland returned home in the same ship as myself. He gave a glowing account of this rising colony, and did not complain of the heat, which, to some constitutions, is quite bearable; and, in describing his evening rides over the Darling Downs, he became quite rapturous. The society, too, he described as very good, maintaining that, on the whole, it was superior to that of New South Wales or of Victoria. But the squatters in all the colonies of Australia are, generally speaking, men of good family, and are re-

garded,—like the representatives of the landed interest at home,—as the aristocracy of that country.

This squatter from Queensland was coming to England, purposely, I believe, to provide himself with a set of able-bodied labourers, and a supply of stock. He informed me that for the sum of about 3000*l.* either a small station, or a share in one, might be purchased; and, also, that an honest young man, for the sake of his good services on a station, might be allowed to keep some sheep for himself, and eventually, by steady industry, might become possessed of a station of his own.

From all that was detailed to me of the Australian colonies, by those who were the best judges of their comparative merits, I should think that the most agreeable with regard to society and country to settle in, were—that part of the New Zealand colony called the Canterbury Settlement and the colony of Tasmania, which lovely island,

once a penal settlement, was formerly called Van Diemen's Land (a fact of which everybody is not aware), and "where all save the spirit of man was divine." The scenery of this island was described to me as exquisitely beautiful, bold and mountainous, like that of Scotland, and still possessing all the softness and charm of English scenery, a fertile soil, and romantically winding rivers and streams. "In fact," said an enthusiastic lady, who was once descanting on its beauty to me, "it is a perfect paradise upon earth." The society, too, of the island, is good. Many gentlemen visitors, including some officers in the army who have been quartered there, have been so much charmed with the beauty and climate of Tasmania that they have permanently settled in the island.

I greatly regretted leaving the Antipodes without seeing either Tasmania or the beautiful Bay of Sydney. It is still a divided question amongst the admirers of

scenery as to whether the Bay of Sydney, or that of Rio Janeiro, or that of Naples, is the finest. I am surprised that more travellers, who have leisure and the means of doing so, do not avail themselves of the magnificent steamers and vessels which are constantly plying between England and Australia—to explore that country. (I mean, the civilised part of it.) There were some three or four gentlemen in the vessel in which I went out, who were making the voyage with this view, and also for the benefit of their health; some of them returned home comparatively robust and greatly gratified by their visit. From my own personal experience I can well recommend a visit to the colony, and a voyage round the world, being now in the enjoyment of perfect health, though, when I went out, I imagined myself a confirmed invalid.

As all travellers who pay a visit to a strange country should provide themselves with good introductions, I recommend those

who are contemplating a visit to Australia, —if they have not any friend there amongst the Squatters, to get an introduction to one, which would ensure them a hospitable reception (for the Squattocracy are proverbially kind and open-hearted); and afford them not only the best opportunity of seeing life in the Bush, but, also, through the medium of this squatter, of observing life in Melbourne in its most agreeable and favourable light. Most of the Squattocracy are members of "The Club," and therefore know who are the chief agreeable idlers (I mean gentlemen who are not oppressed with business) to whom to introduce a stranger. Ninety-nine out of a hundred introductions to persons in Melbourne are useless. The people are either too busy or too indolent to give their minds to chance visitors who take out "letters" to them—at least, so it often struck me, when I saw forlorn-looking strangers who had come out for their health, apparently feeling that unutterable sense of

loneliness which the alien so fully experiences,—

> "Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men
> With none who bless him, none whom he can bless,"

or with whom even to exchange one word.

In our ship returning home, there were two brothers who had gone out a short time before, for the health of one of them. They appeared to have had a most delightful visit of a few months—and to have seen, under the best possible auspices, all that was worth seeing in the colony. It so happened that in going out, by the Overland Route, they had for a fellow-passenger one of the principal squatters in Australia. This gentleman being, I suppose, pleased with them, invited them to his station, which invitation they accepted, and this circumstance led to the subsequent enjoyment which I have mentioned.

And now, kind reader, I have noted

down all my recollections of the colony of Victoria, in Australia—at least, all that I can venture to note with accuracy. It would indeed fill volumes, and require a far more practised pen than my own, graphically to describe all the stirring events and gaieties which were enacted in Melbourne whilst I was there.

There were several great "epochs" during my visit to the colony to which I have not alluded, because I did not participate in them. A strong aversion to dense crowds, and to wandering about for hours under a hot sun, caused me to prefer listening, in the cool verandah, to a faithful description of these events, from some observing authority, to performing a part in them. There was the *grand spectacle* of the departure of the Exploration party—commanded by Mr. Robert O'Hara Burke—which started from the Royal Park, for Central Australia, on the 20th August, 1860—on twenty-seven camels, some horses, and with three Sepoys.

&c. &c.—amidst the cheers and good wishes of all Melbourne. But alas! what a sad ending there has been to this glorious beginning! It was with heart-felt sorrow that I heard the lamentable news of the death of Burke and others from starvation, brought by last January's mail. Indeed, it is difficult to me to realise it, when I think of that fine, noble-hearted man—the leader of the Expedition—as he appeared to me, shortly before he started,—looking replete with life and vigour (just as he appears in that admirable likeness of him in the "Illustrated News" of February 1st); and also, full of hope, as I saw him when he spoke to me of his anticipated explorings.

Another great event was the grand review of all the Volunteers—the great Werribee Camp *Spectacle*, on Easter Tuesday, when all Melbourne and its vicinity (save and except, I fancy, one other lady as devoid of enthusiasm as myself) adjourned to the Werribee Plains (between Melbourne and

Geelong) to see the unparalleled exploits of their chivalrous countrymen. So crowded were the trains on this occasion, that it was rumoured some of the ladies had to be pushed through the windows on returning. For many days after this event the newspapers teemed with accounts of the zealous Volunteers, and of the martial ardour they had betrayed—

> "To dim their armour's shine
> In glorious battle fray,"

appearing almost to regret that the Werribee Plains were not a *bonâ fide* battle-field. The colonial Volunteers are, indeed, an enthusiastic "institution." One had only to glance at their ardent countenances to feel assured that an enemy would have no chance in Victoria—to feel that each volunteer would fight, if need be, like the Black Knight of old, as if the strength of twenty men were in his arm,—

> "And lightning from their eye did part,
> Such glance did falcon never dart
> When stooping on his prey."

How much of their military prowess they owe to their painstaking commander, Col. Pitt (who also holds a military appointment in Melbourne), I cannot say, but it was my own private opinion that to the inspiration of this gallant officer the colonial Volunteers owe much that is admirable in their system.

And now, kind reader, in the very happy and most comfortable assurance that my friends in the colony are well protected, and impervious to invasion, I leave it and them to give an account of my voyage home.

CHAPTER XV.

Voyage Home—Our noble Ship—The best Navigator and Commander in the World—Icebergs—Our Society on Board—Evenings on Deck—Bill of Fare.

I LEFT Melbourne in the month of May 1861, in the screw-steam-ship —— which ship, I do not hesitate to say—for it is almost an historical fact—is the finest merchant vessel in the world, and is commanded also by one of the best navigators in the world. In length she is about 333 feet; in breadth about 51 feet.

I think Longfellow must have had her in his eye when he wrote that beautiful poem, "The Building of the Ship," in which he describes

"The vessel
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle."

And truly she is

"A vessel as goodly and strong and staunch
As ever weathered a wintry sea."

There are two different opinions afloat on the subject of a sea-voyage. Some think it is the most joyous existence imaginable; others, that it is nothing but misery; and these latter smile bitterly when they read or hear of

"Hearts dancing in triumph o'er the water wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way,"

and all other descriptions of the "boundless, endless, and sublime" ocean.

There is, I think, a great deal to be said on both sides of the question. Eliot Warburton's opening chapter of the "Crescent and the Cross," in which he is enthusiastic about ocean life, is not exagger-

ated; and yet Mrs. Beecher Stowe's opening chapter of "Sunny Memories" is perfectly true. Her sea-voyage was evidently not a *sunny memory*, and as for weeks together I was a victim to all the emotions graphically described by Mrs. Stowe, I can confidently state with her that all dreams of the poetry and romance of the ocean which I might have had were quite dispelled during the time of illness. But then there was the reaction. In a long sea-voyage there is both time to be very ill and time to get well again; and so greatly did I appreciate the sense of emancipation from the thraldom of sea-sickness, that I think my enjoyment of the latter half of the voyage home could scarcely be inferior to that of Eliot Warburton on the ocean, of which he was destined to be the victim.

There are some enviable ladies who do not suffer at all, and no sooner does the ship weigh anchor than they bring out work-boxes, writing-desks, books, music,

&c. and go on pursuing the even tenor of their way just as if they were on land; and on deck they may be seen exultingly flitting aft and forward, and exhibiting a freshness of complexion delightful to contemplate. The generality, however, only suffer for a few days.

A great deal of the pleasure of the voyage naturally depends upon one's fellow-passengers; for, notwithstanding the delights of which we hear of inhaling breezes fresh and fair, of listening to the wind's sighing through the shrouds and ratlines —which is compared by enthusiasts to an Æolian harp—of watching the undulating billows (which I could not indulge in with impunity for many weeks), or,

> "The march of some majestic cloud
> That o'er wild scenes of ocean war
> Holds its still course in heaven afar,"

or, gazing at large luminous stars, or, at the albatross gracefully skimming over the surface of the sea; in spite of all this, I

say, and of other delights which poets sing, a sea-life might possibly grow monotonous and wearisome without the addition of agreeable *compagnons de voyage*.

A voyage to India in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers is proverbially pleasant, but the passengers to India, by these steamers, generally consist of only one class. In Australian vessels there are great varieties of class. The first *coup d'œil* on going on board one of these ships is always somewhat depressing, for few there appear to be to whom one would care to speak! Such a heterogeneous mass of human beings one fancies were never before congregated together; and yet before the end of the voyage how many of those who did not particularly take one's fancy at a first glance, are found to be full of amiable and agreeable qualities!

I have heard of passengers in Australian vessels sitting erect in one seat during the whole voyage with their eyes fixed on

the sea, or on a book, and not speaking to any body, excepting, perhaps, condescendingly, to the commander of the ship. And these passengers have always turned out to be, not persons of distinction, but plain Mrs. Johnson or Mrs. Thompson, who could not afford to be pleased, lest they should compromise their dignity, or lest their politeness should be presumed upon when they landed in Australia. Such must be narrow-minded people, or they would be aware that there are persons to be met with in every class, down to the humblest, who have too much self-respect to be intrusive—even if they are treated with politeness. I know that when I arrived in Melbourne, I frequently met in the streets some few of my fellow-voyagers who were not of a very highly educated order, yet from whom I had accepted many little civilities, and these always seemed inclined to pass by me without the slightest recognition, had I allowed them to do so.

In our ship returning home there were eighty adults and twenty children in the saloon—six hundred and eighty-two souls on board altogether. What a little floating world we were!—each going home to a separate and widely different sphere, and yet all linked together in one common interest—our minds fixed on one goal—a safe arrival; and, had it been the will of Providence that we had met with an untimely end, we should all have shared the same fate, without any respect of persons.

The voyage home is made *viâ* Cape Horn, and the voyage out *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope. This is on account of trade winds favouring each of these passages. The voyage out, therefore, is a more favourable one than that home. In rounding "the Horn" the weather is *always* rough—sómetimes terrific. Icebergs generally abound, and,

> "The days are cold, and dark, and dreary,
> It rains, and the wind is never weary."

There is little daylight in these icy latitudes, and the sky is dull and leaden, so that it is sometimes difficult, even for those who are well enough to read, to beguile the weary hours by a book. For the comfort of sea-sick sufferers, I may state that during the greater part of the time in which "the Horn" is being rounded they will be confined to their berths, and therefore will not feel the cold.

The passengers, however, keep up their spirits wonderfully through it all, knowing that it will not last long, and that soon it will be hot enough. Exactly thirty-three days after we left Melbourne, I find recorded in my journal that "it was quite a spring day,"—just the sort of day on which at home one suddenly discovers gay little groups of crocuses peering out of their winter quarters. From this time forth the weather became milder and milder, until at length we glided gently into the tropics; then the awning was hung up,

the colonial birds were brought on deck to revel in the sunshine, and we all took to fanning ourselves vigorously and continually until we arrived in cooler latitudes again.

We saw several icebergs whilst rounding "the Horn," greatly to our commander's surprise and regret, as he had expected that, it being the depth of winter in the southern hemisphere, we should not meet with any ice—spring being the time of the year when it most abounds, after the ice is broken up. There is always some danger amongst the icebergs, but it rarely happens that, with a watchful commander such as was ours, an accident occurs. The danger is at night, especially if there be no moon, when the ship is scudding along furiously in a gale through the mountainous waves. It is then difficult to distinguish between the misty white crests of the waves and a small iceberg.

But, thank God, we had a moon whose soft and cheering light, added to our perfect

confidence in our noble commander, inspired us with hope that all would be well; and our hopes were mercifully realised.

But so beautiful are these terrible icebergs that it would be impossible for imagination to exaggerate the picture they present. An iceberg is indeed one of the most sublime of Nature's masterpieces. Great is the excitement which prevails on board ship when one comes in view; and very soon every amateur artist is eagerly engaged in endeavouring, with the aid of pencil and paint-brush, to convey to paper some faint idea of its awful grandeur: a difficult task, when each instant changes its colours. One hue dissolves into another with perplexing rapidity. The first iceberg we saw was about three miles in length. It looked to me like a great headland, or a citadel. One of the passengers told me that it bore a remarkable resemblance to the island of Heligoland, as seen from the same distance at sea. The next one of import-

ance which appeared in sight was not so long, but very much more beautiful in form than the first. In height it was about three hundred feet. Sometimes it looked dazzlingly white, as if covered with snow. In form it was like three in one. There was first a massive burnished structure, like a church with slanting roof, then there was a gigantic sugar-loaf, and then a great piece of lustrous sculpture towering aloft in the shape of an old ruin; and at the base of this glorious triune was the cold sea, leaping, and prancing, and careering wild and high, sending up showers of spray which glittered like diamonds in the sunshine—for the sun had shone out brightly on this special occasion. We saw many other icebergs, but none so large as these I have mentioned; although these were not so stupendous as are sometimes beheld. At night there is something terrible in their appearance; they look like gigantic ghosts walking the seas; they have an awfully

ghost-like, livid hue upon them — but, under any aspect, they are beautiful. It is, indeed, well worth going through the sea-sick martyrdom of Cape Horn to see one of these marvellous creations, which baffle all description.

It was on the twenty-seventh day after leaving Melbourne that we first saw a ship. Until then it had seemed to us as if we were all that was left of life in the universe. Quickly was the deck crowded with human beings when we heard the cry of —

"A sail! A sail!"

"Her nation — flag — how speaks the telescope?" was eagerly asked; and yet a month since we had looked unconcernedly on hundreds of vessels in Hobson's Bay!

And now let us take a peep into the social life on board the dear old ship, and see how the good Captain, notwithstanding his anxieties and watchfulness (for he was on deck every night when we were near the ice, and only got snatches of sleep in the

day-time), tried to promote enjoyment and harmony amongst his passengers. It was cheering even to see his bright, genial countenance, as he went from one to the other, perhaps challenging this passenger to a game at chess—or another to backgammon—or another to draughts. Even invalid ladies forgave him when he assured each in her turn that *it was all imagination*, and that if she would only restrain her imagination she would be quite well. The passengers, by slow and measured degrees, had begun to know each other, and gradually to dovetail into little cliques; and yet all these cliques, upon the whole, blended harmoniously together: there were no serious antagonisms such as frequently occur on board ship. And, whatever may have been the hasty and sickly impressions formed in each mind at first sight of the passengers *en masse*, we had soon come to the conclusion that there was even more than an average amount of talent, and genius, and

pleasant society on board—and some as well-bred and agreeable people as could possibly be met with on the overland route from Southampton to Calcutta.

Amongst our numbers there were eminent colonial statesmen, poets—one was an avowed poet (for he had published a volume of musings), and others had within them latent fire,—

> "Their hearts beating high
> With the pulse of poetry,"—

and were continually emitting sparks of this fire as occasion called it forth. Then we had men of science, accomplished amateur artists and chess-players, and several ladies who sang and played extremely well. One of the statesmen, who was probably not more than eight-and-twenty years of age, had the gift of oratory, and was looked upon as the Demosthenes of the ship. He was excessively active and lively, and would go *chasséeing* about the deck in cold weather "with his martial cloak around him,"

occasionally stopping to pour forth floods of eloquence, now into one ear, now into another; and always just at some grand climax, when the attention of each hearer was breathlessly excited, he would, with one long sweeping *pas de basque*, bound to the other end of the deck, and forthwith commence another declamation. Even in speaking to a little child, his language was eloquent, though simple, and

"The listener held his breath to hear,"

fearing to lose any of the speaker's words. Another eminent statesman, though less demonstrative in every-day life, had a highly cultivated and original mind; it was impossible to listen to him without imbibing new ideas; and, to crown all, he was a poet: consequently, one lovely night, when "the stars, which are the poetry of heaven," were shining luminously over head—and that most beautiful of constellations, the Southern Cross, was looking brighter and holier than

ever (though fast sinking from our view), this poet was reminded, by these heavenly sights, of friends in Australia, who, possibly gazing at them also, thought at that moment of their wanderer on the seas. This idea inspired him, and he wrote the following lines, which he kindly gave me permission to insert here :—

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

As sadly we are thinking
  Of some it still will light,
The Southern Cross is slowly sinking
  Adown the Southern night.

Resplendent constellation !
  Australia's chosen sign,
When first the yearnings of a nation
  Throbb'd through that land of mine.

How fondly they will greet thee—
  The loved ones left behind,
To think our weary eyes still meet thee,
  With thoughts of them half blind !

The winter-robed Pacific,
Th' inhospitable "Horn,"
The midnight icebergs' gleam terrific,
Are things in memory born.

The tropics' golden splendours
Are gone like starry dreams,
Once more old Ursa Major
For us his tribute beams.

But other thoughts we're thinking,
Cross of the Southern night!
Our hearts Australian still are sinking
With thy retiring light.

S. Steamship ——.

Lat. 10° 32′, long. 26° 10′.

July 19, 1861.

Then, also, we had two tragedians on board, Miss Avonia Jones, a young American actress, who is, I believe, great in tragedy, and had been starring in the colony, and Mr. G. V. Brooke, who is famous for his impersonation of Othello. Miss Avonia Jones will, I think, create a

greater sensation in England, amongst the votaries of the tragic muse, than any of her countrywomen have yet done. She is bright and attractive in appearance, and seemed to be a joyous, simple-minded, warm-hearted girl, whose devotion to her mother, who accompanied her, and who was somewhat of an invalid during part of the voyage, won from all hearts much admiration and respect. Several amateur performances were got up, and both Miss Avonia Jones and Mr. G. V. Brooke were always willing to contribute towards promoting amusement on board. There were several families returning home, and many children for the sake of education. There were also (including widows) eight or ten unmarried ladies, some with their parents, others under the care of our Captain. This good Captain is generally looked upon as the patron saint of unprotected ladies, and always has an immense consignment of them — particularly in going out. Indeed, the number of en-

gaged young ladies whom he has taken out to Melbourne is something fabulous; and he has no sooner cast anchor in Hobson's Bay than he has to deck himself in bridal array, and hasten to church to perform the fatherly office of giving away a bevy of his fair charges. I believe he has been immortalised in the Melbourne "Punch," where he was represented as bedizened with wedding-favours, with a bride on each arm, and a little troop of them following in the rear.

There was a great preponderance of young men on board, full of exuberant fun and life. It really did one good to watch them sometimes bounding up and down the shrouds and ratlines, looking so spirited and venturesome, and at the same time *so un-sailor-like;* and waving their hats triumphantly from the top-sail, as much as to say, "Am I not every inch a sailor?"

Then there were some husbands who were returning home to their wives after many months of separation; and I must

give these *grass-widowers* the credit of having betrayed more anxiety than any of the other passengers to arrive at the end of the voyage. I always knew the way of the wind by a glance at one of their tell-tale countenances. Whenever I happened to notice one of these gentlemen dragging lazily and lethargically along the saloon, with a somewhat agonised expression of face, "Ah!" said I to myself, "the wind is dead against us—we are making no way at all." And so it was invariably the case. If, on the contrary, I noticed one or other of them walking briskly along, with elastic, airy tread, dancing eyes, and dimpled cheeks, "Ah!" I said to myself,

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes!"

"probably at the rate of fourteen or fifteen knots an hour"—and, again, I was correct in my conjectures.

There were four or five very interesting and attractive little girls, averaging about

twelve years of age each. These little girls added greatly to the amusement of the passengers; and they knew their own power. One day these little creatures met a gentleman who was fond of playing with them, and sometimes of teasing them, so, *pour passer le temps*, they all set to work to return the compliment, by beating him as hard as they could with their little hands. "Help! help!" cried the victim to a magnificent young man who was passing—my *beau ideal* of what Richard the Lion-hearted must have been at twenty—upon which the young man appealed to—instead of helping his friend—seized each little girl and kissed her, and then, in self-defence, went off, saying, "There, I've done all I can for you!" These children were inseparable, having conceived a romantic friendship for one another. At all ages strong friendships are sometimes formed on board ship, some of which last a life-time. The last day or two at sea, a sad change came

over the children's spirits. It was really touching to see them walking about in couples, their arms linked round one another, and their eyes swollen with tears. On the day of our arrival two of them came and stood by me in silence for some time, with their eyes mournfully fixed upon the Welsh mountains. "Well, it can't be helped!" said one at length, as she turned round and fondly gazed at the sea which we were leaving behind us. "What can't be helped?" I asked. "Oh, it can't be helped," she answered, "that we have to leave the dear ship and the Captain, and everybody that we like!"

I must not omit to inform my readers that we had a doctor. All ships have a doctor, but they have not all one like ours, who combined so many of the qualities desirable in a ship-surgeon. He was generally called "the little doctor," partly because he was a favourite—for the best things are supposed to be wrapped up in the smallest compass—and partly because he was very

small in stature. I do not feel that I am overstepping the bounds of politeness in this personal remark, because he rather piqued himself upon his stature, and could not but know that he was symmetrical. On deck he always made a point of offering his arm to the tallest ladies in the ship. A doctor on board ship is a very important personage, and has the power of adding greatly to the comfort of the passengers. Ours had a rare combination of good qualities. He was exceedingly skilful in his treatment of sea-sickness. He was excessively kind and untiringly energetic in his attention to his patients of all classes. On Sundays he acted as chaplain, and read the Church Service morning and evening with great reverence and propriety, persisting in having a second Service, though there were some objections made to it by persons who did not attend our Service, and did not like the saloon to be thus occupied, to their exclusion. He was always ready

to do anything towards promoting amusement, and would take any part that was assigned to him in the amateur performances; and, if he had not time to learn his part thoroughly (for sometimes very short notice was given), he bowed, and smiled, and conducted himself with so much ease, and was always so picturesquely attired, that by his manner he quite made up for the matter. Besides all this, there was just a *soupçon* of romance about him which is useful on board ship, and which helped to give a poetic flavour to his physic. His favourite topics were Science and Love. He delighted in getting hold of the most scientific passengers on board to enjoy, as he said, an intellectual feast, and yet sometimes, in the midst of Learning, he could not refrain from wandering into the realms of Love, much to the discomfiture of the philosophers he was addressing, though they always listened deferentially to "the little doctor." His physical courage was very great; in-

deed, he had told me before we sailed that he had "a morbid love of danger." I was therefore not much alarmed, when one day, just as he was prescribing for me in my worst stage of *mal de mer*, and I had said, "Oh, doctor! is there any fear of our running into an iceberg?" he exclaimed, in a deep, tragical tone, "Only let us touch an iceberg, and we shall not be three minutes above water!"

In the cold weather our Sunday services were performed in the saloon, but, in the tropical weather, on deck. The Roman Catholic service took place first (there were three Romish priests on board), and that of the Church of England afterwards. It was a beautiful and impressive sight to see the after-deck filled with people of every class assembled together for public worship under the canopy of the bright sky, with the blue and boundless ocean ("the image of eternity") all around. No grand cathedral service ever impressed me so much.

Besides the little girls I have already mentioned, there were a great many other interesting little girls and boys of all ages, who were a constant source of amusement.

I find it recorded in my Journal that, "on the 23rd of July, I received an invitation to a birthday party given by little Miss —— in the ladies' cabin, at two o'clock P.M. About twenty other grown-up passengers were invited, as well as nearly all the juveniles on board. I went down and found a gay and animated party assembled—somewhat closely packed—in the ladies' cabin. The party consisted of several lively young ladies, intermixed with a few young, gay deceivers, and a whole regiment of little boys and girls all appropriately attired for the festive occasion. There was also a good sprinkling of fair matrons; and it would have been easy enough for the eye of a stranger to distinguish the happy mother of our pretty little hostess, so brightly and proudly she shone

out amongst the rest. The table was spread with dishes of dried fruits and cakes, and gay little plates of pink, white, azure, and maize-coloured bonbons. The captain and doctor devoted themselves to uncorking the champagne and lemonade bottles. When every glass was filled the health of the young hostess was drunk. Master ——, having the reputation of being the ladies' man *par excellence*, was requested to make a speech, which he did in the following words: 'Miss ——, I wish you many happy returns of the day; and may you live three times as long, and get a good husband; and I hope he will not plague you as I do the ladies.' (Tremendous applause, especially from Mr. ——, the senator, who knows how to appreciate eloquence.)" This fine little boy was a young Tasmanian going to England to be educated. He had already set his heart on entering the army, and his favourite conversation was of soldiers and rifles. He always reminded me of

that distinguished officer who, when he was a little boy, showed of what metal he was made, by answering, when asked what he would do if he saw Tippoo Saib, "I would out with my sword and off with his head." Yet in the midst of some exciting military converse, if this young Tasmanian saw the chart brought out, which showed us how far we were on our way, the tears would come in his eyes, and he would begin to speak feelingly and confidingly to any sympathising spirit he could meet with, about his home, and his sisters, and "the twins." Every day he wrote his diary and read his Bible, just as he had been accustomed to do at home. This young boy was under the care of a gentleman who had been visiting Tasmania, whose cabin he shared, and who, though not I believe personally acquainted with his family, or but slightly so, had consented to watch over him. During the whole voyage this gentleman acted towards the boy like a kind parent;

and on arriving in England travelled to London for the express purpose of placing him in the hands of his relatives. I have not been round the world without discovering, in spite of what misanthropes may assert to the contrary, that there is a great deal of disinterested kindness to be met with in it.

But this is a digression, and I must proceed to say that "one of the little boys returned thanks for Miss ——, and the party broke up; the elderlies to dress for dinner. Miss —— received some handsome birthday presents, the one of which she was the most proud being a 'real gold' seal from a gentleman."

Let me here remark, that parents who may be anticipating a long sea voyage with a young family need not dread the undertaking. Children soon make friends on board ship, and are even more noticed than they are on land. I have seen mothers leave on deck their little treasures without

a fear that anything disastrous would befall them, for they have had experience of the watchful care which passengers, and even the sailors, bestow on children. Indeed, there seems to be a tacit understanding amongst voyagers in general that, in the absence of the natural guardians, it is their duty to look after the interests of such as are unprotected—whether they be young or of riper years.

A month after we left Melbourne, the following notice was distributed amongst the passengers:—

THE ——— GAZETTE.

MR. J. WILLIAMS *respectfully intimates to the Passengers of* THE ———, *that, through the kindness of* CAPTAIN ——, *he will publish weekly on board the above Gazette; and solicits the aid of Ladies and Gentlemen to favour him with their Correspondence, both in prose and verse, suitable for a sea voyage.*

THE ——— *GAZETTE will be published every Saturday for the remainder of the voyage, commencing on the 29th inst., Price* SIX-PENCE. *Its columns will be open to all; but no Religious controversy, Personalities, or anything relative to the Management of the Ship, will be allowed to appear.*

An Abstract of the LOG *will appear each week, and will be published in such portions as to make it complete at the end of the voyage.*

The GAZETTE will be an excellent medium for Advertisements; the charges are as follows:—

For one insertion	.....	2*s.* 6*d.* per inch
„ two „	.....	1*s.* 6*d.* „
„ three „	.....	1*s.* 0*d.* „

It is requested that all Correspondence shall be as concise as possible, so as to render the GAZETTE a perfect miniature of a Miscellaneous Newspaper; and also, that all letters to the Editor be posted on or before Thursday in each week in the GAZETTE BOX, *placed at the Bar door.*

TUESDAY, JUNE 25th, 1861.
Latitude 58° 55′, Longitude 74° 55′.

There happened to be a man on board who possessed a printing-press, and he was very glad of the opportunity of reaping a little harvest. I regret that I cannot conscientiously recommend my readers to purchase copies of these weekly productions. We were, I must confess, somewhat disappointed in them, our expectations having been raised to the highest pitch; which is not to be wondered at, considering that we had on board

> "Genius high and lore profound,
> And wit that loved to play, not wound,
> And all the reasoning powers divine;"

but it so happened that nearly all our lions were possessed by the besetting sin of genius—idleness. They lacked energy, and were positively too indolent to write at all.

The saloon, at evening, on board ship, when it is too cold to go on deck, presents an animated appearance. Pickwick would have gloried in such a scene. His love for studying human nature would have been

gratified if he could have summoned up courage to take a sea-voyage. What wondrous notes he would have inserted in his renowned pocket-book, could he have listened to the varied and unflagging conversations down our two long tables! And, after contemplating from the deck, through those immortal spectacles of his, the great, cold, and glaring icebergs which looked upon us threateningly from afar, and having experienced the difficulty of preserving his *otium cum dignitate* whilst standing upon his feet, —how he would have admired, on entering the saloon, the calm philosophy of the passengers, and reflected on the virtue of Necessity, when he saw them

"In desolation unrepining!"

All along the two tables the passengers were seated, either chatting, or playing at chess, backgammon, or draughts, and games of every description; others were poring over books; and others were working, or sing-

ing and playing at the piano: some of the number only now and then shivering visibly at the cold, when a blast direct from the Antarctic Circle came rushing in at the ever-opening door.

Here and there, perhaps, might be seen steady-aged quartettes playing at whist, and wearing a becoming gravity of deportment, whilst just at their elbows there would be seated a boisterous party of youngsters, engaged in some game which entailed wild shrieks of laughter and great confusion of tongues,—the grave, steady-aged gentlemen all the time pursuing their whist with countenances expressive of the calmest resignation and most unflinching purpose, quite beautiful to behold, and as never to be seen on shore.

On the tropical nights the saloon was nearly deserted and the decks were crowded, and there was generally either some singing or dancing going on,—

"Some restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love,
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move."

There were good singers amongst the second-cabin passengers, who very often on these nights sang songs and choruses so remarkably well, that the saloon passengers used to assemble in groups to hear them. Those lovely tropical nights—I shall never forget them!—the moon shining through the rigging, and unfolding to us the vast panorama of an ocean which "oft in the stilly night" was scarcely rippled; or thousands of glittering spheres lighting us on our way. Our amateur performances, Ethiopian serenadings, &c., generally took place at one end of the saloon; but one moonlight night, after an oppressively hot day, we had a little performance on deck. The after-deck was then crowded with spectators, as were the shrouds and ratlines with sailors and steerage passengers, and the

moon shone out more brightly than ever upon the grand and stately ship. My eyes kept wandering from the scene on deck to the sails and myriads of ropes, so high up above that they appeared to reach the sky, and upon these the moon shed her light so clearly that I could have counted each rope,—

"In short, the whole thing produced, so to speak,
What in France they would call a *coup d'œil magnifique.*"

And just as the Neapolitans say, "See Naples and die!" or the Spaniards, "He who has not seen Seville has seen nothing!" I felt that he who had not seen our ship by moonlight—in the plenitude of her majesty—in full sail, had seen comparatively little of the sublime and beautiful.

On board ship, those sublunary things called meals form a great part of the programme of the day's work, and, where there are many passengers, are very lengthy ceremonies. Everybody, who is well, is in ex-

cellent appetite; and even invalids, when they become convalescent, begin to experience emotions of hunger with punctuality which would be very inconvenient on land in an unpunctual household, where one is liable to be kept waiting some five or ten minutes beyond the appointed times of refreshment. But on board ship everything is done by clock-work. What a busy life our stewards had of it, racing up and down the saloon, laying and unlaying, putting down and taking up table-cloths and dishes from morning till night!

At eight o'clock, A.M., the bell rang for the children's breakfast; at nine it rang again, and the grown-up passengers sat down to theirs; then again to luncheon at noon. At one o'clock, the children dined; and at four o'clock,

"The dinner-bell rang its euphonious clang,"

and the grown-up passengers sat down to this social repast. At half-past five the children had their tea, and at half-past

seven we had ours. These were the nominal meals of the day; but, nevertheless, punctually at half-past nine o'clock every evening, a sudden faintness seemed simultaneously to seize all the passengers; chessmen, draughts, work, and books, fell listlessly from their hands, whilst those whose strength was not quite gone called out to the stewards for sandwiches and grilled biscuits,—to which I noticed that some of the gentlemen added hot water and "*salmon.*"

On particular occasions the Captain sent round claret negus in addition to the sandwiches, &c. In the tropics champagne sparkled and flowed in abundance, yet not more freely than did the wit, humour, and playfulness by which I was surrounded. I was fortunate in my seat at table, and had only to act the part of a ready listener to be well entertained. In justice to my neighbours I must add, that the champagne and the playfulness had not the least con-

nection, for the latter teemed in the icy latitudes just as much as when Cliquot's pleasant beverage was in request. I can only say that the hungry author who "loved a teeming wit as he loved nourishment," would have been more than satisfied had he occupied my seat.

The living on board ship is generally good; that on ours was excellent. In order that my readers may be able to judge for themselves in this matter (which, to some passengers, is a point of extraordinary importance), I subjoin one of our bills of fare. I may mention that the whole of the dishes noted in the bill of fare did not appear on the same day (though the greater part did); there was a little variation made each successive day, and only one kind of soup appeared each day.

STEAM CLIPPER ———.

BILL OF FARE.

Number of Dishes.		Roast.	Boiled.	Number of Dishes.	
	Soup.				Vegetables assorted
	Mock turtle				
	Mulligatawny				
	Kangaroo tail				
	Gravy				Sweet Sandwiches
	&c. &c.				Tartlets
					Plum Pudding
	Fish.				Rice ditto
	Salmon				Suet ditto
					Sago ditto
	Beef				Bread-and-Butter ditto
	Mutton . . .				Roll ditto
	Veal				Custard ditto
	Turkeys . . .				Apple ditto
	Geese				Apple Tarts
	Ducks				Fruit ditto
	Fowls				Open ditto
	Chickens . . .				Omelettes
	Mutton Cutlets				Maccaroni
	Veal ditto				French Pastry
	Stewed Steaks				Stewed Prunes
	Fricassee of Fowl				
	Currie				
	Tripe				
	Ham				*Dessert.*
	Tongue				French Plums
	Pork				Raisins & Almonds
	Mutton Pies				Walnuts
	Pig's Head				Preserved Ginger
	Haricot				&c. &c.

On leaving Melbourne (said our *Gazette*) we had on board, 2 oxen, 1 milch cow, 30 pigs, 150 sheep, 2 lambs, 1 calf, 56 turkeys and geese, 250 ducks, 550 fowls, and 4540lbs. of fresh meat, besides salt and preserved meats, tins of soup, fish, and other prepared provisions.

And now, kind reader, with a sincere regard for your digestive organisation, and also for my own (for my gastronomic recollections are becoming almost too vivid), I will pause, and resume the thread of my discourse in—the last Chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

Voyage Home continued—The Ship's Birthday—Grand Banquet—Thrilling Speeches—Passing the Azores—Amateur Artists—Advice to Sea-Voyagers—Farewell.

It was on a balmy and lovely day—three days after crossing the line—that our noble old ship entered her nineteenth year, so that the first thing I did on this joyous morning, before sitting down to breakfast, was to pay my *devoirs* to the Captain, and wish him very many happy returns of the day. The juveniles celebrated the occasion by dancing vigorously to the music of an orchestra enlarged and improved especially, I believe, for this great day; and the drum (made by the ship-carpenter out of sheep-

skin) beat loudly and sonorously for several hours, thereby keeping the whole ship alive, and of course delighting the hearts of all musical amateurs on board!

A grand banquet was given to celebrate the occasion, and at 10 P.M. (the children having retired to rest) we all sat down to it. The gentlemen were especially favoured, each being allowed the privilege of taking in to supper any lady he pleased, which was quite a charming little variety, after having had the same neighbours every day during the voyage. The banquet was worthy of the occasion. Beef, mutton, and the ordinary sustenance of life were quite discarded; and, as we entered the saloon, we thought Aladdin's lamp must have been at work, for the table had been magically metamorphosed into a choice *menagerie* of milk-white swans, beauteous dolphins, ferocious wild boars and native dingoes, the latter looking dangerously life-like.

Her Majesty's health and the Captain's having been drunk with equal enthusiasm, other toasts followed, and so many wondrous and brilliant speeches were delivered on this great occasion, that it is much to be lamented that, in consequence of there having been no reporters present, they are lost to the world for ever. It is true that I made short notes of them in my Journal, but it would be presumptuous, indeed, in me to endeavour (through the medium of these notes) to convey to my readers an idea of "*the logic, wit, eloquence, and philosophy*" (to use the words of one of the orators) with which they were replete.

Just six days before we arrived in England we passed the island of Flores, one of the "Azores." This was the first and only land we saw until we arrived in the Channel, It looked surpassingly green and beautiful, and again our amateur artists were busy at work with paint-brush and pencil—each ardently wishing that

"To mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven."

Some of the lady-artists were handed into the life-boats which were suspended from the side of the ship, in order that they might have a good view, unintercepted by the rigging. This was the last hot day we had at sea, the sun being positively scorching as we stood drinking in the beauty of the scenery. Some (I amongst the number) were wishing we could land, and spend a week there, *en passant*, it looked so very lovely and peaceful.

The island is mountainous, and the land appeared to be highly cultivated. We could see bright green fields intersected by others of a golden hue; a church, and houses dotted about; deep ravines, and the water falling down in numerous cascades from the steep and rocky heights.

I copied the following account of the island from the geographical book of our commander:—

"This island, which belongs to the Portuguese, contains 7000 inhabitants. It has two towns—Lagens and Santa Cruz—and four villages. Its chief productions are yams, wheat, cattle, sheep, hogs, cloths, and woollen stuffs. Its exports are wheat, cloths, bacon, with the weed or moss called orchilla, used for a dye, found clinging to rocks and declivities."

From this time forth, until we arrived in England, the weather became more and more perceptibly English; the bright blue sky changed, first, to a paler hue, and then to a neutral tint; and our beautiful azure (sometimes violet) ocean dissolved itself into a pale green; and, at last, as a fresh and propitious breeze wafted us into the Channel, we found ourselves revelling in a dense and unmistakeably English fog, which quite prevented us from seeing "that beautiful city called Cork;" and then did we suddenly begin to realise the idea of being near home, and the necessity of packing up.

This packing up is a tedious and wearisome business after a long voyage, and in the limited space of a cabin; and the passengers (the ladies, and particularly each materfamilias) appeared somewhat subdued as they sat down to dinner on that last day. They did not look so radiant as might have been expected, when their hopes were so soon to be fulfilled. A universal anxiety naturally prevails as to whether all will be well in the family circle of each on arriving at home; and it happened that it was the fate of many amongst us to be greeted with sad news at the end of our voyage.

We passed Holyhead at 8 o'clock on a Sunday morning. The pilot came on board between 9 and 10, and brought one or two newspapers. A philanthropical gentleman read aloud, for the benefit of an eager group of listeners, the account of war in America, and great excitement prevailed on hearing the news, especially amongst our

American passengers, who evinced much distress at the intelligence.

At 2 o'clock we anchored in the Mersey, when some of the passengers landed to go to church, or to get letters. On the following morning we went into dock; then the Custom-house officers came on board, and politely reconnoitred our luggage. At last we once more set foot on English ground.

Our voyage had been made in the unusually short period of sixty-five days—the same number of days as my voyage out. We had had a most favourable passage, and a very pleasant one I had found it; which is saying a great deal, considering that I was one of the martyrs to sea-sickness. Some people are hopelessly bad sailors, and I am one of them. It was only two or three weeks after landing that I went into North Wales a little voyage of five hours, and had been looking forward to the treat of seeing the beautiful coast

scenery as far as Menai Straits; but, alas! we were no sooner in the open sea than I was prostrate in the cabin, and continued so the whole time; which was an inglorious position to be placed in, after boasting of having circumnavigated the globe.

But let me assure my timid readers that a sea-voyage is not so terrible a thing as they may imagine. Many ladies have told me that they should not have the courage to take one. The passage to Australia is considered a particularly safe one; and I can only say that, although I have sailed round the world, I have never seen a tempest. We had, certainly, weather which we thought stormy in rounding "the Horn," but I was told by our commander that what I, in my ignorance, considered a gale, was in reality only "*a stiff breeze!*" Perhaps it is from the fact of my never having seen the ocean raging in all her fury that I still feel very much less comfortable whilst

a gale is blowing on land than I ever felt at sea. Early recollections of terrific storms in an exposed situation have caused me extremely to dislike hearing the wind beating against a house, and whistling furiously down chimneys. And since my return to England, when it has been blowing a hurricane, I have sometimes amused my friends by expressing to them a semi-serious wish, that I were safe in the old ship again; and I have entertained them by repeating that sea-song of Dibdin's, of which I used to hear melodious and cheering snatches whenever the wind rose at sea, and which I subjoin, as it may have the effect of inspiring those of my timid readers, who are contemplating a voyage, with courage for the undertaking:—

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid
And said to Billy Bowling,
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em! how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often we have heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors,
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

Indeed, I felt much more fear than I had ever done at sea when, soon after my voyage home, I crossed the Bay of Carnarvon in a small sailing-boat. It was blowing "a stiff breeze," and the boat was manned by amateur navigators. How (as one of our poets on board was wont to say, in describing a moment of intense excitement)—

"My heart went out within me,
Like a spark dropped in the sea!"

and how I expected every moment, as I clung to the windward side, also *to drop in the sea!*

It is not the pleasantest thing in the world, going round the ship to say that

dreary word "Good-bye" to her commander and officers, as well as to one's fellow-voyagers, with the feeling that in all probability the farewell is for ever in this world. I had been nursed day and night by an angel of goodness during my sickness, and had met with very great kindness from all with whom I had come in contact.

I remember that soon after I arrived in Melbourne I happened to be walking in the Botanical Gardens, and speaking to comparative strangers, when to my great gratification I espied a fellow-voyager, with whom I shook hands cordially. Afterwards, a gentleman of our party, who had noticed my sudden exhilaration, and who rather piqued himself on being a misanthrope (which made me doubt the fact), expressed great surprise at my caring to meet one of my fellow-passengers. "For my part," said he, "when I left my ship, I felt inclined to shoot them all, I hated them so." I assured him, apparently greatly to his sur-

prise, that I had felt no similar inclination with regard to any of my fellow-passengers, but that, on the contrary, there were some, to serve whom I would go through fire and water.

Let me advise ladies and gentlemen who are about to take a voyage to the antipodes, to provide themselves each with a portable easy chair. This is indispensable to the comfort of the voyage. The seats around the skylight, and at the sides of the *companion*, are not comfortable, even for persons in rude health, and it is quite impossible for an invalid to sit erect on them. Also it is impossible to take too many wraps either for an outward or a homeward voyage. There is some cold weather in rounding the Cape, though it is genial as compared with that of "the Horn." Many passengers provide themselves with opossum rugs, lined with scarlet blanketing, for the voyage home. These are somewhat expensive luxuries, costing from 5*l.* to 9*l.*, but they are pro-

portionably comfortable. I have sometimes found myself, when in the icy regions, enveloped (through the kindness of passengers) in one or two of these, in addition to innumerable other less imposing wraps, and yet I have not felt too warm. There are other comforts with which experienced travellers always provide themselves, much to the envy of the uninitiated. It was easy to distinguish an old traveller's cabin from another, by the way in which it was fitted up. The initiated generally take with them a set of miniature drawers, made to fit into their cabin, and to which they are affixed by *adamantine* screws; or else the walls of their cabin are hung with neat Holland pockets, which save the immense trouble of diving into the recesses of a box for every little article wanted, and which invalids have scarcely the power to do. Without these adjuncts, a ship's cabin presents a scene of chaos quite indescribable. Old travellers, too—especially mothers of families—generally carry

with them some tins of biscuits, because, though there is a liberal supply on board, they do not like to be troubling their steward at all hours; and at sea little children's appetites are somewhat unmanageable, and they will cry out at the most unseasonable hours for something wherewith to appease their hunger. It is the same with invalids, who become wonderfully capricious and fitful—for many days perhaps not able to bear the sight of food, and then, after only a short interval of fasting, fainting for want of a biscuit.

Every passenger, too, should have a private library of his or her own, and not trust to that of the ship. Food for the mind supplied on board ship is not at all proportionate in quantity to that supplied for the body. The only badly appointed part of our ship was, I thought, the library. As far as I can recollect, the principal books it contained were, Channing's Works, two or three works on the colony, a few volumes

of fiction, and the "Pilgrim's Progress." The Captain assured me that the library was frequently replenished, but that the passengers would not take the trouble to put the books back in their places after reading them, and so they gradually vanished. We had a better library in our ship going out, perhaps in consequence of the books being kept in a glass case, under lock and key.

The sort of books most in request at sea, for general reading, particularly amongst invalids, are those which, though well written, are pleasant and amusing. Nothing verging on mediocrity is tolerated. Essays and learned dissertations are not in request, nor yet would Mrs. Browning's poetry be considered sufficiently light, however much these might interest the same reader on land. There were some enviable passengers who could sit for hours in the quiet of the taffrail, devouring Macaulay's last volume, which, they assured me, imparted

to them that undefinable emotion of delight which a voyager—fanned by a fair breeze, and when the ship is gliding along at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour—does so fully experience in poring over an interesting book on a sunshiny day at sea.

And now, having glanced at some substantial adjuncts for a sea-voyage, let me also recommend all travellers to lay in, if possible, a large store of good-humour, cheerfulness, and determination to make the best of everything,—as these are requisites. Also, of refined vivacity; for this, I can speak from experience, is precious to invalids. Last, though not least, as in a first-class ship there is always a piano on board, let all passengers who are good musicians be sure to reserve amongst their accessible luggage their very best songs, both with and "without words." Music used to charm away my sea-sickness when arrowroot quite failed to do so.

I have given this somewhat lengthy account of my homeward rather than of my outward voyage, not because it was more pleasant—for the voyage out had the charm of novelty, and of much more beautiful weather—no "vex'd Bermoothes" in the shape of a "Horn" pouring out its wrath upon us—but because the recollections of my first voyage are fraught with sadness both to myself as well as to other passengers, many of those who contributed to our comfort and enjoyment being now no more.

In conclusion, let me add, that though perchance I may never again meet with my Australian friends, and though I may never again in this world see those with whom I shared the dangers of the deep, either in my outward or homeward voyage, still all their many acts of kindness are chronicled in my heart. Whether we meet again, or whether we do not, they and their good deeds will never be forgotten by me.

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